

# Shepherds Tales

*Revised and Revived,*

By R. B. Esquire.

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*finde,*  
Too true poore Louers doe this proverbe  
No sooner out of sight than out of minde.

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LONDON,

Printed for Robert Bostocke at the  
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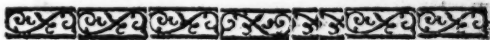
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S



TO HIS TRVLY  
*knowing and conceiuing friend*  
M. RICHARD LOVTHER;  
all select content.

**D**ick, Dick salutes thee with a deare  
esteeme,  
And is to thee as he hath euer beene,  
Firme, as his best experience doth know,  
Thou art still firme vnto thy deare ones too:  
In lieu whereof, for lone is all his lieu,  
He sends these Tales, whose lone's no tale to you.

Melophilus.

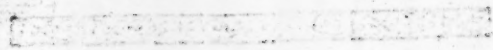




TO HIS TRULY  
FRIENDLY AND CONCERNING FRIEND  
M. RICHARD BOWLER;  
all which content.

My Dear Friend,  
I have the honor to receive your letter of the 10th inst.  
and in reply to inform you that the same has been  
forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.  
I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
J. H. B.

Melodious



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# THE PRELUDE

To his  
*Shepherds Tales.*



He *Shepherd* loues, yet so his loue doth seek,  
As he seems loth to loue a painted cheek;  
His wench can blush for shame, which may  
be s<sup>e</sup>d

A native blush, and not vermilione<sup>d</sup>.  
Shee makes him *osier*-garlands in her  
bowre,

And interminles them with euery flowre  
Fresh fragrant Spring affords; which done, with speed  
She wreathes them round about her *Shepherds* head,  
She smiles to smooth his frowne, and can espie  
No obie<sup>c</sup>t worthy loue but in his eye:  
Which fixt on her, as hers is fixt on his,  
Shewes what th<sup>e</sup> effect of loue vnited is.  
To th<sup>e</sup> fold they goe, when eu<sup>n</sup>ing time drawes neere,  
Driving their flocks <sup>a</sup> before, and <sup>b</sup> pins them there:  
Hastning on homeward, where the night is spent  
In singing Carols, or some merriment,  
To passe away long winter euens withall:  
<sup>c</sup> Great's their content, though their estate be small.  
Now in the shades one doth another seeke,  
Another eu<sup>n</sup> is spent at *Barly-breake*,

*The Prelude to his*

*Far to the hals, or Maiden to the graine;*  
 For *Masks*, alas, they know not what they meant.  
 Sometimes they *Goose* in the *after* meale,  
 To know thereby what husbands they 're to take;  
 Or lest that one sport should their humours tire,  
 Each tells his tale, and roasts a crab by th' fire.  
 Again, when feast dayes come, each in aray  
 Clad as becomes him in his shepherds gray,  
 Hastes to the *May-pole*, and the time to passe,  
 The Lasse takes in her Lad, the Lad his Lasse:  
 Which done, vnto their wassall-cups they hie them,  
 Yet closely too, lest other Swaines should spie them;  
 For *Shepherds* loue is bashfull, nor can brooke  
 That any eye should on their dalliance looke.  
 Kinde honest *Heardsmen*, whose hearts are so pure  
 From any fained loue or forced lure;  
 From least adulterate varnish which ours borrow  
 This day from shop, and 's vanished to morrow;  
 From sugred smiles, or from a leering eye,  
 A guga rite, or art-affectd eye;  
 From loue-prouoking powders, or that loue  
 Which takes her sent from perfume of a glove;  
 From hatefull spells, or lust-enforcing charmes,  
 Which warms the heart, but all her powers disarmes.  
 So pure, I say, from these, as their chiefe care  
 Is to be what they seeme, seeme what they are.  
 And hence it is, their *d* *Sheepes* are void of feare,  
 No dreadfull visions to their sight appeare.  
 Their aimes are not aspiring, to possesse  
 By an iniurious purchase more or lesse;  
 Their thoughts are not ambitious, but confin'd  
 To the proportion of an honest minde;  
 Their hearts are not inflam'd, but as their fate  
 Was to be borne low, so they frame their state;  
 Their health's their wealth, their broad-spread *Beet* their  
 Content their Crowne, their shadie shroud their shring,  
 It was indeed; but where's those *Shepherds* now  
 Which made the *Downes* resound and echo too  
 With their care-charming notes? Where be those Swaine  
 Whose layes in beauties praise so chear'd the plaines,

*Vine.*

A

And woele hearts which graze vpon the vale,  
 As many times they cease to feed at all;  
 Such willing eares they to their noyes did lend them,  
 As they would rather starue than not attend them;  
 Where's these? Alas, I cannot tell you, I,  
 I heare some say that they long since did die;  
 But if not dead, I'me sure they liue vnkowne,  
 Or else lie buried in their wenchlike frowne.  
 Yes there it is: How can a *Shepherd* ioy  
 To see himselfe so kinde, and she so coy?  
 Who would haue thought these *Heardmaids* could be proud,  
 Or thus vpon their pantoffles haue stood?  
 Or which is worse, so their affections vary,  
 As one they loue, but they another marry?  
 Briefly, so weak's their fancie, and so light,  
 As whom they loue all day, they hate at night:  
 So as me thinks I heare these *Swaines* complain,  
 And tune their sorrowes to this heauy strain;  
 "Too true poore *Shepherds* doe this proverbe finde,  
 "No sooner out a sight than out a minde.  
 This was not so, when in each flowrie grove  
 The *Shepherd* toy'd and dallied with his loue;  
 And plighting troths, confirm'd their promise so  
 With some meane bracelet, or a ring of steele.  
 And this they did, and deem'd 't sufficient blisse  
 To seale the bargaine with a shamefast kisse;  
 Which done, and this was all poore *Swaines* they did,  
 They left the rest till th' marriage night did bid,  
 But see the fate of euery state, God wor,  
 (For who knowes any thing and knowes it not)  
 How it is chang'd; which but a while forbears,  
 And in these *Shepherd*s stories you shall heare:  
 Where each *Swaine* tells his tale, and doth expresse  
 The sickle faith of his false *Shepherdesse*.

ILLVSTRAT

# ILLVSTRATIONS

## vpon the Prelude to his Shepheards Tales.

**I**N the description of a Shepheards life, is likewise expressed his taske in folding and unfolding his sheepe, bringing them to the pin in the Evening, and going before them to their pasture in the Morning. — before them : For Shepheards used in former times to goe before their sheepe, but now they follow them. *abigeus quia abigit.* — and pins them there; aptly expressed by Seneca in Tragedy.

Labour awakes, and euery where  
Men enuiron'd are with care,  
When the frost doth nip full fore,  
Sillie Swaine he opes his doore,  
And recounts his heard by head,  
Which *unpin'd*, they goe to feed.

Discourſing afterwards vpon a Shepheards content, he concludes,  
• Great's their content: Which the Tragick Poet briefly describeth thus:

Safe and glad am I withall,  
Though my house it be but small,  
And my little field doth yeeld  
As much hope as th' great mans field:  
Lowest shrubs the freest are,  
Choice content's a Shepheards share.

Prosecuting likewise the homely but happy condition of a Shepheards state, he concludes, — his sleepes are void of feare, with that sententious moderne Poet;

Sweet is the Shepheards sleepe, whi'e great ones are  
Surpriz'd with broken sleepes, and nightly care;  
Meane is his fare, his lodging homely too,  
Yet sleepe these *Sparrows* more than their masters doe.

FINIS.



THE  
SHEPHEARDS  
TALES.

---

THE FIRST PART.

---

*The Argument.*



Echnis complains,  
And labours to display  
Th'uniust distaste  
Of Amarillida.

*The second Argument.*



Ere relates this forlorne Swaine  
How he woo'd, but woo'd in vaine;  
Her whose beautie did surpasse  
Shape of any Country Lasse,  
Made more to delight the bed,  
Than to see her Lambkins fed;  
Yet poore Shepheard see his fate,  
Loue thec vow'd, is chang'd to hate;

For being ielous of his loue,  
 Shee her fancie doth remoue,  
 Planting it vpon a Groome,  
 Who by *Cupids* blindest doome  
 Is preferd vnto those ioyes,  
 Which were nere ordain'd for Boyes:  
 On whose face nere yet appear'd  
 Downie shew of manly beard.  
 Hauing thus drunke sorrows cup,  
 First, he shewes his bringing vp,  
 What those *Arts* were he profess,  
 Which in homely style exprest,  
 He descends vnto the Swaine  
 Whom he sought by loue to gaine;  
 But preuented of his ayme,  
 Her he showes, but hides her shame.

THE  
 SHEPHEARDS TALES.

*The shepheards.*

Technis. Dymnus. Dorycles.

Corydon. Sapphus. Linus.

THE FIRST EGLOGVE.

Technis tale.



*Hy now I see these Plaines some good af-  
 ford,  
 When Sbpherds will be masters of their  
 word.*

Dory. Yes, Technis yes, we see it now & then  
 That they'le keep touch as wel as greater men,  
 Who can protest and take a solemn vow  
 To doe farre more then they intend to doe.

Dym.

**'SHEPHEARDS TALES.' 3**

**Dym.** Stay Dorycles, *me thinks thou goest too farre:  
Lets talke of Shepheards, as we Shepheards are:  
For why should we these Great mens errors note,  
But learne vnto our Cloth to cut our coat.*

**Sapp.** Dymnus, *'tis true; we came not to display  
Great mens abuses, but to passe away  
The time in Tales, wherein we may relate  
By one and one our blest or wretched state.*

**Cor.** Indeed friend Dymnus therefore came we hither,  
*To shew our Fortune and distresse together.*

**Lin.** Proceede then Technis, *you'r the eldest Swaine  
That now feeds Flocks upon this fruitfull Plaine:  
So as your age, what sener we alledge,  
Doth well deserue that proper priuiledge.*

**Tech.** *As to begin;*

**Lin.** *So Technis doe I meane.*

**Tech.** *Thanks Shepherds heartily, that you will daigne  
A haplesse Swaine such grace; which to requite,  
Ile mix my dolefull Storie with delight,  
That while yee weepe for grieve, I may allay  
Your discontent, and wipe your teares away.*

**Dory.** *On Technis on, and weele attention lend,  
And wish thy loue may haue a happie end.*

**Dym.** *Which showne, each shall reply, and make exprest  
When all is done, whose fate's the heaviest.*

**Tech.** *Attend then Shepheards, now I doe begin,  
Shewing you first where I had nurturing,  
Which to unfold the better, I will chuse  
No other words then home-spun Heardsmen vse.  
First then, because some Shepheards may suppose  
By meere conjecture, I am one of those  
Who had my breeding on this flowrie Plaine,*

#### 4 SHEPHERDS TALES.

*I must confesse that they are much mista'ne,  
For if I would, I could strange stories tell  
Of Platoes and of Aristotles Well,  
From whence I drain'd such drops of diuine wit,  
As all our Swaines could hardly diue to it :*  
Dor. *Indeed I'ue heard much of thee in thy youth.*  
Tech. *Yes Dorycles, I say no more than truth.  
A Prentiship did I in Achens liue,  
Not without hope but I might after giue  
Content and comfort where I should remaine,  
And little thought I then to be a Swaine :*  
For I may say to you, I then did seeme  
One of no small or popular esteeme,  
But of consort with such, whose height of place  
Aduanced me, because I had their grace :  
Though now, since I my Lambkins gan to feede,  
Clad in my russet coat and countrey weede,  
Those broad-spred Cedars scarce afford a nest  
Upon their shadie Boughes, where I may rest.

Sapp. *It seemes, they're great men Technis.*  
Tech. *So they are,  
And for inferiour groundlins, little care.  
But may they flourish ; thus much I am sure,  
Though Shrubs be not so high, they're more secure.*

Lin. *High states indeed are subiect to decline.*  
Tech. *Yes Linus yes, in this corrupted time  
We may obserue by due experience  
That where a Person has preeminence,  
He so transported growes, as he will checke  
Ioue in his Throne, till Pride has broke his necke,  
Whereas so vertuous were precedent times,  
As they were free not only from the crimes*

# SHEPHERDS TALES.

5

To which this age's exposed, but did line  
As men which scorn'd Ambition.

Dymn. Now I dine

Into thy meaning Technis; thou do'st griene  
That those who once endear'd thee, now should leave  
Thy fellowship.

Tech. Nay Dymnus I protest

I neuer credited what they profest;  
For should I griene to see a surly Lout,  
Who for obseruance casts his eye about;  
In nothing meriting, saue only He  
Is rich in acres, to disvalue me?

Dory. No Technis no, th'art of a higher spirit  
Than these inferiour Gnats, whose only merit  
Consists in what they haue, not what they are.

Tech. No Dorycles, for these I little care,  
Nor euer did: though some there be that feede  
On such mens breath.

Dymn. Good Technis now proceed.

Tech. Hauing thus long continued, as I said,  
And by my long continuance Graduate made,  
I tooke more true delight in being there,  
Than euer since in Court or Country ayre.

Sapph. Indeed minds freedome best contenteth men.

Tech. And such a freedome I enjoyed then,  
As in those Beechie shades of Hesperie,  
I planted then my sole felicitie.

So as howseuer some of our rurall Swaines  
Prerogatiue aboue all others claimes, (ought,  
That they haue nought, want nought, nor care for  
Because their minde unfurnisht is of nought  
That may accomplish man: I could auerre,

A 4

(Howseuer

6 SHEPHEARDS TALES.

(How fere I doubt these in opinion erre)  
 That in my breast was treasured more blisse,  
 Then euer sensuall man could yet possesse.  
 For my delights were princely, and not vaine,  
 Where height of knowledge was my only ayme,  
 Whose happy purchase might enrich me more,  
 Then all this trash which worldly men adore.  
 So as if Pan were not the same he is,  
 He'de wish himselfe but to enioy my blisse,  
 Whose choice content afford me so great power,  
 As I might vye with greatest Emperour.  
 Coryd. It seemes thy state was happie;  
 Tech. So it was,  
 And did my present state so farre surpasse,  
 As th' high top'd Cedar cannot beare more show  
 Aboue the lowest Mushrom that doth grow,  
 Or more exceed in glory, than that time  
 Outstripp'd this present happinesse of mine.  
 For tell me Shepheards, what's esteem'd amongst men  
 The greatest ioy, which I enioy'd not then!  
 For is there comfort in retired life?  
 I did possesse a life exempt from strife,  
 Free from litigious clamour, or report  
 Sprung from commencement of a tedious Court.  
 Is contemplation sweete, or conference,  
 Or ripe conceits? why there's an influence,  
 Drawne from Minerva's braine, where euery wit  
 Transcends conceit, and seemes to rauish it.  
 Is it delightfull Shepheards to repose,  
 And all-alone to reade of others woes?  
 Why there in Tragick Stories might we spend  
 Whole houres in choice discourses to a friend.

And

# SHEPHEARDS TALES.

7

And reason of Occurrents to and fro,  
 And why this thing or that did happen so.  
 Might it content man, to allay the load  
 Of a distemperd minde to walke abroad,  
 That he might moderate the thought of care  
 By choice acquaintance, or by change of ayre?  
 What noble consorts might you quickly finde  
 To share in sorrow with a troubled minde?  
 What cheerfull Groves, what silent murmuring springs,  
 Delicious walkes, and ayrie warblings,  
 Fresco flowrie Pastures, Gardens which might please  
 The senses more then did th' Hesperides,  
 Greene shadie Arbours, curled streames which flow,  
 On whose pure Margins shadie Beeches grow,  
 Myrtle-perfumed Plaines, on whose rer'd tops  
 The merry Thrush and Black-bird nimbly hops  
 And carols sings, so as the passers by

Would deeme the Birds infus'd with poesie?

Sapp. Sure Technis this was earthly Paradise.

Tech. Sapphus it was, for what can Swaine denise.

To tender all delight to eye or care,

Taste, Smell, or Touch which was not frequent there?

Besides;

Lin. What could be more, pray Technis say?

Tech. We had more ioyes to passe the time away.

Dory. What might they be good Technis?

Tech. 'Las I know

They'r such as Shepheards cannot reach unto.

Dym. Yet let vs heare them.

Tech. So I meane you shall,

And they were such as we internall call.

Cor. Internall, Technis, what is meant by that?

Tech.

8 SHEPHERDS TALES.

**Tech.** *Infernaill, no; thou speakst thou knowst not what:  
I meane internall gifts which farre surmount  
All these externall bounties in account:  
For by these blessings we shall ener finde  
Rich Treasures stored in a knowing minde,  
Whose glorious inside is a thousand fold  
More precious than her Case though cloath'd in gold  
And all Habilliments: for by this light  
Of Understanding, we discerne whats right  
From crooked error, and are truly said  
To vnderstand by this, why we were made.  
Sapp. Why, we nere thought of this.*

**Lin.** *Nay, I may sweare  
I haue liu'd on this Downe, this twentie yeare,  
And that was my least care.*

**Corid.** *Linus, I vow  
To feed our Sheepe, was all that we need doe  
I ener thought.*

**Dory.** *So Coridon did I.*

**Dymn.** *The cause of this, good Technis, now descrie.*

**Tech.** *Heardsmen I will; with purpose to relate,  
Lest my Discourse should be too intricate,  
In brieft, (for length makes Memorie to faile)  
The substance of your wishes in a Tale.*

*Within that pitchie and Cymmerian clyme,  
Certaine Inhabitants dwelt on a time,  
Who long had in those shadie Mountaines won,  
Yet neuer saw a glimpse of Sunne or Moon.  
Yet see what custome is, though they were pent  
From sight of Sunne or Moone they were content,  
Sporting themselves in vaults and arched caues,  
Not so like dwelling Houses, as like graues.*

*Now*

*Nor were these men seene ere so farre to roame  
At any time as halfe a mile from home;  
For if they had, as th' Historie doth say,  
They had beene sure right soone to lose their way:  
For darke and mistie were those dreerie canes  
Where they repos'd, so that the wretchedst slaves  
Could not exposed be to more restraint,  
Than these poore snakes in th' ragged Mountaines pent;  
And thus they lin'd.*

*Lin. But never lou'd.*

*Tech. To tell*

*Their lones I will not : but it thus befell,  
That a great Prince, who to encrease his fame  
Had conquer'd many Countries, thither came.*

*Sapp. For what good Technis ?*

*Tech. Only to suruey it.*

*Corid. Why sure he had some Torch-light to display it,  
For th' Coast you say was darke.*

*Tech. And so it was ;*

*But yet attend me how it came to passe :*

*By meanes he vs'd, hauing this coast suruei'd,*

*With all perswasive reasons he assaid,*

*Partly by faire meanes to inducethem to it,*

*Sometimes by threats, when he was forc't vnto it,*

*That they would leaue that forlorne place, and giue*

*Way to perswasion, and resolue to liue*

*Neere some more cheerefull Border, which in time*

*They gaue consent to, and forsooke their Clime.*

*But see the strength of Habit, when they came*

*To see the light they hid themselves for shame,*

*Their eyes grew dazled, and they did not know,*

*Where to retire or to what place to goe :*

*Yet*

16 SHEPHERDS TALES

Yet was the Region pleasant, full of groves,  
 where th' airy Quiristers expresse their lones  
 One to another, and with Melodie  
 Cheer'd and refresh'd Silvanus Emperie.  
 The warbling Goldfinch on the dangling spray,  
 Sent out harmonious Musicke every day;  
 The prettie speckled Violet on the Banke  
 With Pinke and Rose-bud placed in their ranke;  
 Where chased Violets did so fresh appeare,  
 As they foretold the Spring-time now drew neare;  
 Whose borders were with various colours dy'd,  
 And Prim-rose bankes with odours beautifi'd;  
 Where Cornell trees were planted in great store,  
 Whose checker'd berries beautifi'd the shore.  
 Besides, such gorgeous buildings as no eye  
 Could take a view of fuller Maiestie;  
 Whose curious pillers made of Porphyrite  
 Smooth to the touch, and specious to the sight,  
 Sent from their hollow Cell a crispling breath,  
 Arched aboue and vaulted vnderneath.  
 Yet could not all these choyce varieties  
 (Which might haue giuen content to choicer eyes)  
 Satisfie these Cimmerians, for their ayme  
 Was to retorne vnto their Caues againe,  
 And so they did: for when the Prince percein'd  
 How hard it was from error to be reau'd,  
 Where ignorance discerns not what is good,  
 Because it is not rightly understood;  
 Hee sent them home againe, where they remain'd  
 From comfort of Societie restrain'd.  
 Dym. Apply this Tale, my Technis;  
 Tech. Heare me then.

Ton

# SHEPHERDS TALES. 11

*Thou may be well compar'd unto these men,  
Who ignorant of knowledge, doe esteeme  
More of your Flocks, how they may fruitfull seeme,  
Then of that part, whereby you may be sed  
From sauage beasts to be distinguished,*

*Dory. Technis you are too bitter ;*

*Tech. Not a whit,*

*Shepheards should tell a Shepheard what is fit:  
Though I confesse that Heardsmen merit praise,  
When they take care vpon the Flockes they graze.*

*Yet to recount those Swaines of elder time,*

*How some were rapt with Sciences diuine,*

*Others adorn'd with Art of Poesie,*

*Others to reason of Astrologie ;*

*Swaines of this time might think't a very shame,*

*To be so bold as to retaine the name*

*Of iolly Heardsmen, when they want the worth (forth.*

*Of those brane Swaines which former times brought*

*Conid. Why, what could they ?*

*Tech. Endorse their Names in trees,*

*And write such amorous Poems as might please*

*Their deereft loues.*

*Dym. Why Technis what was this,*

*Can we not please our loues more with a kisse ?*

*Dory. Yes Dymnus, thou know'st that ;*

*Dym. Perchance I doe,*

*For Dymnus knowes no other way to wooe.*

*But pray thee Technis let vs say no more,*

*But hie thee now to where thou left before.*

*Tech. I'me easily entreated ; draw then neere,*

*And as I lend a tongue, lend you an eare.*

*Having long lined in Minerua's Grone,*

*My life became an Embleme of pure loue.*

Dym. Of Loue my Technis, pray thee say to whom!

Tech. As thou mean'st Dymnus, I did fancie none:

No; my affection soared higher farre,

Than on such toyes as now affected are:

I doated not on Beautie, nor did take

My aime at faire, but did obseruance make,

How humane things be shar'd by diuine power,

Where fickle faith scarce constant rests one houre;

How highest states were subiect st to decline;

How nought on Earth but subiect vnto Time;

How vice though clad in purple was but vice;

How vertue clad in rags was still in price;

How Common-weales in peace should make for warre;

How Honour crownes such as deseruing are.

Dory. And yet we see such as deserued most,

What ere the cause be, are the oftest crost.

Tech. Ile not denie it (Swaine) and yet attend,

For all their crosse occurrents, but their end;

And thou shalt see the fawning Sycophant

Die in disgrace, and leaue his Heire in want:

While th'honest and deseruing Statesman giues

Life to his Name and in his dying lines.

This I obseru'd and many things beside,

Whilst I in famous Athens did abide;

But 'lasse whilst I secure from thought of care,

With choicest consorts did delight me there,

Free from the tongue of rumor or of strife,

I was to take me to another life.

Lin. Towhat good Technis?

Tech. To haue Harpies clauess;

To take my fee and then neglect the cause.

Sapp. A Lawier Technis!

Tech.

Tech. So my father said,

none: who as he had commanded, I obey'd.

But indge now Shepheards, could I chuse to griene,  
When I must leaue, what I was forc'd to leaue,

Those sweet delightfull Arts, with which my youth  
Was first inform'd, and now attain'd such growth,  
As I did reape more happy comfort thence

In one short houre than many Twelue-months since?

Corid. This was a hard command.

Tech. Yet was it fit

I should respect his loue imposed it.

arre: For ne're had Father shorne vnto his sonne

More tender loue than he to me had done :

So as his will was still to me a law,

Which I obserued more for loue than awe,

For in that childe few seeds of grace appeare,

Whom loue doth lesse induce than thought of feare.

Hauiug now tane my leaue of all the Muses,

I made me fit as other Students vses,

To waine my minde, and to withdraw my sight

From all such studies gaue me once delight :

And to inure me better to discern

Such rudiments as I desir'd to learne,

I went to Iohn a Styles, and Iohn an Okes,

And many other Law-baptized folkes,

Whereby I set the prattise of the Law

At as light count as turning of a straw,

For straight I found how Iohn a Styles did state it,

But I was ouer Style ere I came at it ;

For hauiug thought (so easie was the way)

That one might be a Lawyer the first day :

I after found the further that I went,

The

ech.

14 SHEPHEARDS TALES:

The further was I from my Element:  
Yet forasmuch as I esteem'd it vaine,  
To purchase law still from anothers braine;  
I stroue to get some law at any rate,  
At least so much as might concerne my state.

Lin. I am more sorie for it.

Tech. Linus why?

Lin. Because I feare me thou wilt haue an eye  
More to thy priuate profit, than deuise  
How to attone such quarrels as arise.

Dym. Technis is none of those.

Tech. No, credit me,  
Though I'me resolved many such there be  
Who can dispence with fees on either part,  
Which I haue euer scorned with my heart;  
For this shall be my practice, to assay  
Without a fee to doe you th' good I may.

Corid. Technis enough.

Tech. Hauing thus long applide  
The streame of Law, my aged father did,  
Whose vertues to relate I shall not neede,  
For you all knew him;

Doric. So we did indeed:

A Patron of all Iustice, doe him right.

Sap. Nor was there Art wherein he had no sight.

Dym. Yet was he humble;

Lin. And in that more blest.

Corid. He liues though seeming dead;

Tech. So let him rest.

Hauing lost him whose life supported me,  
You may imagine Shepheards, what might be  
My hard succeeding fate: downe must I goe

# SHEPHERDS TALES.

15

To know if this report were true or no.  
Which I did finde too true, for he was dead,  
And had enioyn'd me Guardians in his stead  
To sway my untraind youth.

Dym. And what were they?

Tech. Such men as I had reason to obey:  
For their aduice was euer for my good,  
If my greene yeeres so much had understood:  
But I pult up with thought of my demaines,  
Gave way to Folly, and did slacke my raines  
Of long restraint;

Dory. 'Las Technis, then I see  
What in the end was like to fall on thee.

Tech. O Dorycles if thou hadst knowne my state,  
Thou wouldst haue pitied it!

Corid. Nay rather hate  
Thy youthfull riot.

Tech. Thou speakes well vnto't,  
For the Blacke Oxe had nere trod on my foot:  
I had my former studies in despight,  
And in the vaineest consorts tooke delight.  
Which much incens'd such as affection bare  
To my esteeme: but little did I care  
For the instruction of my graue Protectors  
Who neuer left me, but like wise directors  
Consulted how to rectifie my state,  
And some aduised this, and others that,  
For neuer any could more faithfull be  
In sincere trust, than they were vnto me.  
At last, one to compose and end the strife,  
Thought it the fitt'st that I should take a wife.

Corid. Yea, now it workes.

T

B

Lin.

66 SHEPHERDS TALES.

Lin. Stay till he come vnto't;

Sap. And then I know he will goe roundly to't.

Tech. Nay iest not on me, but awhile forbear,  
And you the issue of my loue shall heare.

Having at last concluded, as I said,

With ioynt consent I should be married,

One 'mongst the rest did freely undertake

This priuate motion to my selfe to make;

Which I gaue eare to: wishing too that he

Would me informe where this my Wife should be.

Dym. As it was fit.

Cor. Who was it thou shouldst ha?

Tech. Ile tell thee Boy, 'twas Amarillida.

Cor. Lyeas faire daughter!

Tech. Yes, the very same.

Dory. She was a wench indeed of worthie fame;

Tech. As ere fed Lambkins on this flowrie Downe:

Whom many sought and sude to make their owne,

But she affected so a virgin life,

As she did scorne to be Amyntas wife.

Dym. Is't possible?

Tech. Yes Dymnus I doe know

Some tokens of affection twixt them two,

Which if thou heard, right soone wouldst thou confesse,

More vsfaind lone no Heardsman could expresse:

But to omit the rest, I meane to show

The time and tide when I began to woo.

Vpon that \* Day (sad day and heavy fate)

When euery Bird is said to chuse her mate,

Did I repaire vnto that fairest faire,

That euer lou'd, or lin'd, or breath'd on aire.

And her I woo'd, but she was so demure,

\* S. Valen-  
times day;  
on which  
Birds are  
said to  
chuse their  
Mates, with  
whom  
they re-  
pose and  
partake in  
mutuall  
ioyes.

*So modest bashfull, and so maiden pure,  
As at the first, nor at the second time  
She would no eare to sound of loue incline.*

*Cor. But this (I'm sure) would be no meanes to draw  
Thy loues assault from Amarillida.*

*Tech. No Coridon, for then I should not seeme  
Worthy so rare a Nymph as she had beene.*

*But I did finde that female foes would yeeld,  
Though their relentlesse breasts at first were steeld:  
Continuall drops will pierce the hardest stone.*

*Sap. Did Technis finde her such a stony one?*

*Tech. Sappho I did: yet though she oft had vowd  
A vestall life, and had my suit withstood,  
I found her of a better minde next day,  
For she had throwne her vestall weed away.*

*Lin. Thrice happy Shepheard!*

*Tech. Linus, say not so;  
If it be happinesse to end in woe,  
Thou mightst enstyle me happy;*

*Dory. Was not she  
Fully resolved now to marry thee?*

*Tech. Yes Dorycles: but when she had consented,  
Heare by what strange mischance I was preuented!*

*Vpon a time a Summering there was,  
Where enery linely Lad tooke in his Lasse  
To dance his Measure, and amongst the rest  
I tooke me one as frolike as the best.*

*Dym. What was she man?*

*Tech. A Matron full of zeale,  
But pardon me, I must her name conceale.*

*Lin. It was Alburna I durst payne my life.*

*B 2*

*Tech.*

18 SHEPHERDS TALES.

Tech. *I must confesse it was the Parsons wife,  
A lusty Trolops I may say to you,  
And one could foot it gine the wench her due.*

Lin. *Yea marry Sir, there was a Lasse indeed  
Knew how she should about a Maypole tread.*

Tech. *And I may say, if Linus had beene there,  
He would haue said, we euently matched were:  
For I may say at that day there was none  
At any active game could put me downe.  
And for a dance;*

Sap. *As light as any fether,  
For thou didst winne the Leggethree yeeres together.*

Tech. *And many said that it great pittie was  
That such a Parson had not such a Lasse:  
So as indeed all did conclude and say,  
That we deseru'd the Pricke and prize that day.  
But hauing now our May-games wholly plaid,  
Danc'd till we wearie were, and Piper paid:  
Each tooke his wench he danc'd with on the Downe,  
Meaning to gine her curi'sie of the Towne.*

Sim. *What curi'sie Technis?*

Tech. *As our Shepheards vse,  
Which they in modestie cannot refuse:  
And this we did, and thus we parted then,  
Men from their women, women from their men.*

Dory. *But didst nere after with Alburnameet?*

Tech. *Yes, on a time I met her in the street,  
Who after kinde salutes inuited me  
Unto her house, which in ciuilitie  
I could not well deny;*

Dym. *True Technis true,*

Tech. *ome*

Tech. And she receiv'd me, gine the wench her due,  
With such a free and gracefull entertaine,  
As did exceed th' expectance of a Swaine.

Dory. She had some reason for 't;

Tech. None I may sweare,  
Saue that she ioyed much to see me there.

Dory. Yet did;

Tech. Did eat, did drinke, and merry make,  
For no delight saue these did Technistake.

For I may say to you if so I had,

ther. My lucke to Horse-fleish had not beene so bad,  
As by some yeeres experience I haue found;

So as of your suspicion there's no ground:

But if I had, no fate could be more hard

Than that which I sustained afterward.

Corid. Relate it Technis.

Tech. To my grieve I will,

Having done this without least thought of ill,

re. This (as report doth new additions draw)

Came to the eare of Amarillida:

Who iealous of my loue (as women are)

Thought that Alburna had no little share

In my affection, which I may protest

Was nere as much as meant, much lesse exprest.

Sap. Alas good Shepheard.

Tech. So as from that day

I found her fancy falling still away,

For to what place soeuer I did come,

She fain'd excuse to leaue me and the roome.

Lin. Yet she nere fix'd her loue on any one.

Tech. Yes Linus, else what cause had I to mone?

Some few moneths after did she take a Mare,

*I must confesse of infinite estate ;  
 Yet in my minde (nor doe I speake't in spight)  
 He's one can giue a woman small delight,  
 For he's a very Erwig.*

*Lin. What is he ?*

*Tech. Petreius sonne ;*

*Lin. The map of miserie.*

*Tech. Yet thou wouldst wonder how this dunghil worm  
 When he encounters me, redarts a scorne  
 On my contemned loue :*

*Dym. All this doth show,  
 That he resolves to triumph in thy woo ;  
 But how stands shee affected ?*

*Tech. 'Las for grieve,  
 Shee is so farre from yeelding me reliefe,  
 As shee in publique meetings ha's assaid  
 To glory in the trickes which shee hath plaid.*

*Dory. O matchlesse insolence !*

*Tech. Yet shall my blisse  
 In wanting her, be charactred in this ;  
 " Hauing lost all that ere thy labour gain'd,  
 " Be sure to keepe thy precious name unstain'd.*

*Corid. A good resolute.*

*Tech. Yet must I neuer leave  
 While I doe liue, but I must liue to grieue :  
 For I perswade me, there was neuer Swaine  
 Was recompenc'd with more vninst disdain.*

*Dym. Indeed thou well mightst grieue.*

*Dory. Yet shall't appeare,  
 I haue more cause, if you my Tale will heare :  
 For nere was story mixed with more ruth,  
 Or groundd on more Arguments of truth,*

Con

Corid. *Let's haue it Dorycles;*  
 Dory. *With all my heart,*  
*And plainly too; grieve hates all words of art.*



### *The Argument.*

**D**orycles loues Bellina;  
 Who esteemes  
 As well of him,  
 But proues not same she seemes.

### *The second Argument.*

**D**orycles a youthfull Swaine,  
 Seekes Bellina's loue to gaine:  
 Who, so euen doth fancy strike,  
 Tenders Dorycles the like.  
 Yet obserue how women be  
 Subiect to inconstancie I  
 Shee in absence of her loue,  
 Her affection doth remoue,  
 Planting it vpon a Swad,  
 That no wit nor breeding had.

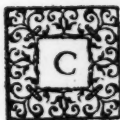
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Whom

Whom she honours; but in time  
*Dorycles* seemes to diuine,  
 Since her loue is stain'd with sin,  
 She'le ere long dishonour him;  
 For who once hath broke her vow,  
 Will infringe 't to others too,  
 In the end he doth expresse  
 His disdainfull *Shepherdesse*:  
 Who, when she had iniured  
 Him and his, and cancelled  
 That same sacred secret oath,  
 Firmely tendred by them both;  
 She a Willow-garland sends  
 For to make her *Swaine* amends,  
 Which he weares, and vowes till death  
 He will weare that forlorne wreath.  
 With protestts of lesse delight  
 In her *Loue*, than in her *Spight*.

## THE SECOND EGLOGVE.

*Dorycles* tale.



Come *Shepherds* come, and heare the mo-  
 fullst *Swaine*

That euer lin'd, or lon'd on western plaine:  
 Whose heauy fate all others doth surpasse  
 That ere you heard;

*Dym.* Say *Heardsman* what it was.

*Dory.* I must and will, though *Dymnus* I confesse,  
 I'm very loth my folly to expresse,  
 Whose madding passion though it merit blame,

*I will display't.*

*Tech. To't then: away with shame.*

*Dory. I lou'd a bonny Lasse as ere lou'd man,  
For she a middle had that you might span,  
A mouing eye, a nimble mincing foot,  
And mannerly she was, for she could lout:  
And her I lou'd, and me she held as deare.*

*Corid. But Dorycles where lin'd she?*

*Dory. Very neare:*

*Knowst thou not Polychrestus?*

*Corid. Who, the Swaine*

*That with his sleepe doth couer all our Plaine?*

*Dory. It seemes thou knowst him Coridon;*

*Corid. I doe:*

*And seuen yeeres since I knew his Daughter too.*

*Dory. Who, faire Bellina?*

*Corid. Yes, the very same.*

*Dory. And her I lou'd, nor need I thinke't a shame.*

*For what might more affection or imply*

*Content of loue to any Shepheards eye,*

*Which she enioy'd not? For if choyce discourse*

*(As what more mouing than the tongue) had force*

*To infuse loue, there was no Heardsman neare her*

*Who was not rauish'd if he chanc'd to heare her;*

*And for a beauty mix'd with white and red.*

*Corid. I know't was rare, good Dorycles proceed.*

*Dory. When I was young, as yet I am not old,*

*I doted more than now a hundred fold:*

*For there was not a May-game that could show it*

*All here about, but I repair'd vnto it,*

*Yet knew not what loue meant, but was content*

*To spend the time in harmlesse merriment.*

*But*

But at the last, I plaid so long with fire,  
 I cing'd my wings with heat of lones desire.  
 And to display my folly how it was  
 Without digression, thus it came to passe.  
 Downe by yon Vale a Myrtle grove there is,  
 (Oh that I nere had seene it, I may wish)  
 Where Pan the Shepheards God to whom we pray,  
 Solemniz'd had his wonted holiday:  
 Wheretoreorted many noble Swaines,  
 Who flourish yet upon our neighbour Plaines;  
 'Mongst which Bellina with a youthfull sort  
 Of amorous Nimphs, came to suruey our sport.  
 Which I obseruing (see the fault of youth)  
 Transported with vain-glory, thought in truth  
 Shee came a purpose for a sight of me,  
 which I with smiles requited lovingly:  
 But howsoere, I know Bellina ey'd  
 My person more than all the Swaines beside.  
 When night was come, unwelcome unto some,  
 And each was now to hasten towards home,  
 I'mongst the rest of Laddes, did homeward passe,  
 And all this time I knew not what Loue was.  
 To supper went I and fell to my fare,  
 As if of loue I had but little care,  
 And after supper went to fire to chat  
 Of sundry old-wines tales, as this and that;  
 Yet all this while loue had no power of me,  
 Nor no command that euer I could see.  
 Having thus spent in tales an houre or two,  
 Each to his rest (as he thought best) did goe;  
 But now when I should take me to my rest,  
 That troubled me which I did thinke of least.

Tech.

Tech. Trouble thee Swaine!

Dory. Yes Technis; and the more,  
Because I neuer felt such pangs before.  
This way and that way did I tosse and turne,  
And freeze and frie, and shake for cold and burne,  
So as I wisht a hundred times, that day  
Would now approach my passion to allay.  
Yet still, (so weake was my distemper'd braine)  
I thought Bellina put me to that paine,  
Yet knew no cause why shee should vse me so,  
Yet thought to aske her if 't were shee or no:  
So as next day, I purpos'd to repaire  
To see if shee could yeeld a cure to care.  
But she (poore wench) was split on fancies shelve,  
All full of care, yet could not cure her selfe;  
So as in brieft we either did impart,  
The secret passions of a wounded heart,  
Shot by lones shaft, for so't appear'd to be,  
Which found, we vow'd a present remedie;  
Yet to our friends both shee and I did feane,  
As if we neuer had acquainted beene.

Dym. A pretty sleight;

Dory. Though many times and oft,  
Plaid we at Barlybreake in Clytus croft.  
And thus our lones continued one halfe yeere  
Without suspition, till one neighboring neere,  
An equall friend vnto vs both, did make  
A motion of our Mariage.

Tech. Did it take?

Dory. Yes Technis yes, so as first day I went,  
My friends, to shew that they were well content,  
Wish'd that all good successe might vsber mee.

Lin.

Lin. One should haue throwne an old shoo after thee.

Dory. Nay Linus that was done : and now to hie  
Vnto my Tale, on went my dogge and I,  
Poore loose-eard Curre.

Sapp. Why Dorycles, hadst none  
To second thee ?

Dory. Too many (Swaine) by one :  
For trowst thou Lad, when I my suit should make  
Vnto her friends, my dogge he let a scape.

Sapp. Ill nurtur'd fitchell.

Dory. Now yee may suppose  
Bellina tooke the Pepper in the nose,  
That to her friends when I should breake my minde,  
The carrian Cur should at that time breake winde.  
So as for halfe an houre I there did show  
Like to a senslesse Picture made of dough :  
Nor was my dogge lesse sham'd, but runs away  
With taile betwixt his legs with speed he may.  
At last my spirits I did call together,  
Showing her friends the cause why I came thither,  
Who did accept my motion ; for that day  
I was esteem'd a proper Swaine I say,  
And one well left.

Cor. We know it Dorycles,  
Both for thy wealth and person thou mightst please.

Lin. For good wang-sheepe and cattell, Ile be sworne  
None could come neare thee both for haire and horne.

Dory. Yee ouer-value me, but sure I am  
I had sufficient for an honest man :  
Hauing thus free access to her I lou'd,  
Who my affection long before had prou'd  
Though she seemd nice, as women often vse,

When

*When what they loue they seemingly refuse.  
Not to insist ought longer on the matter,  
They deemd me worthy, if they did not flatter,  
Of her I su'd; So as without more stay,  
Appointed was this solemane Nuptiall day.*

*Sapp. Happy appointment;*

*Dory. Sapphus say not so,  
It rather was the subiect of my woe,  
For hauing heard reported for a truth  
She formerly had lou'd a dapper youth,  
With whom she purpos'd euen in friends despight,  
To make a priuate scape one winter night;  
I for a while thought to surcease my suit,  
Till I heard further of this iealous bruit.*

*Tech. Why didst thou so? Bellina had consented  
To loue that youth, before you were acquainted.*

*Dory. Technis 'tis true; But some there were auer'd,  
Though I'm resolu'd they in opinion err'd,  
That these two were affide one to the other.*

*Sapp. What hindred then the match?*

*Dory. Bellinas mother:  
Who tender of th' aduancement of her childe,  
And well perceining Crispus to be wilde,  
(For so the youth was named) did withdraw  
Bellina from him by imperious awe:  
Which done, and he preuented of her daughter,  
His Countrey left, he neuer sought her after.*

*Tech. I knew that Crispus.*

*Dory. Then you knew a Lad  
Of seeming presence, but he little had,  
And that was cause he grew in disesteeme.*

*Sap. Alas that want of meanes should make vs meane.*

*Dory.*

28 SHEPHERDS TALES.

Dory. So did it fare with him; for to his praise  
(Though with his tongue he wrong'd me many waies,  
But tongues inur'd to tales are nere beleeu'd)  
He had from Nature choicest gifts receau'd,  
Which might haue mou'd loue in a worthy creature;  
If that his life had beene vnto his feature.

But promising out-sides like the Panthers skin,  
Though faire without, are oft times foule within;  
But heauens, I hope, to mercy will receiue him,  
His wrongs to me are buried; so I leaue him.

Corid. But admit Shepheard they had beene affide,  
Shee might reuolt; it cannot be denide.

Dory. I grant she might; and I confesse there be  
Some that haue done't are greater farre than we:  
But goodnesse is the marke, not height of state  
That meaner men by right should imitate.

I might produce store of examples here,  
But lest I should be tedious, I forbear,  
What tragick Scenes from breach of faith are bred,  
How it hath caus'd much guiltlesse blood be shed.

This caus'd me for a time to hold my hand,  
To see how all this businesse would stand;  
And that I might my fancie better waine  
From her I lou'd, to Troynouant I came.  
Where I imploi'd my selfe no little time  
About occasions for a friend of mine:

For I did thinke to be from place remou'd,  
Would make me soone forget the wench I lou'd.

Sap. I rather thinke it would thy loue renew;

Dory. Sapphus it did; and farre more rigour shew:

“ For true it is, when louers goe to wooe,

“ Each mile's as long as ten, each houre as two.

“ Whence

“ Whence each true lover by experience promes

“ Man is not where he lins, but where he lones.

For what delight, as all delights were there,  
Could my enshralled minde refresh or cheere,  
Wanting my Loue, whose only sight could show  
More true content than all the world could doe?

Yet stay’d I still, expecting I should heare,  
How in my absence, she herselfe did beare,  
And whether those same rumours which I heard,  
Were true or false, as I found afterward.

Lin. How went they Dorycles?

Dor. Howso’ere they went

I found Bellina meerely innocent;

Whence I inferr’d, that many times we wrong them,

By causelesse laying false aspersions on them:

For I perceiv’d she had beene woo’d by many,

But neuer yet affianc’d unto any.

Coryd. Thrice happie Dorycles!

Dor. Happie indeed,

Till worse euents did afterwaards succeed.

Coryd. What fate?

Dor. Farre worse than ere on Shepheard leight.

Tech. Expresse it Heardsman;

Dor. So I purpose streight.

Having thus heard all rumours to be vaine,

I streight resolv’d to returne backe againe

Into my Countrey: where I found my wench

The same I left her when I came from thence;

So as in brieft, so happie was my state,

I meant my marriage rites to consummate.

Which that they might be done more solemnly,

All our young Shepheards in a company,

Adareft

30 SHEPHERDS TALES.

*Address'd themselves to grace that day ; beside  
The choicest Damsels to attend the Bride,  
For to preuent occasion of delay,  
Set downe on both sides was the Mariage day.*

*Tech. Me thinkes this cannot chuse but happen well ;*

*Dory. Stay Technis heare, what afterwards befell !*

*The Euen before that I should married be,  
One came in all haste and acquainted me  
How Cacus that unciuill lossell, would  
Carry the best Ram that I had to fold,  
Wherewith incens'd withouten further stay,  
Going to th' fold I met him in the way :*

*Who of my Ram not onely me denide,  
But vs'd me in disgracefull sort beside,  
Which I distasting, without more adoe  
Reach'd my unnurtur'd Cacus such a blow,  
As he in heat of passion aynd his Crooke  
Iust at my head to wound me with the stroake :  
Which I rewarded, so as by our men  
Without more hurt we both were parted then.*

*But scarce had Phœbus lodged in the West,  
Till He, whose fury would not let him rest,  
Sent me a challenge stuffed with disgrace,  
Length of his Weapon, Second, and the Place.*

*Dym. Then we must haue a field fought.*

*Dory. Without stay ;*

*I met him though it was my mariage day,  
Though not on equall termes.*

*Tech. More fit't had bin*

*T' encounter'd with Bellina than with him.*

*Sapp. I would haue thought so Technis ;*

*Lin. So would hee,*

If he had beene resolu'd as he should be.

Dor. Shepheards 'tis true; but now it is too late,  
For to exclaime against relentlesse fate,  
Whose aduerse hand prenentend that delight,  
Which louers reape in a blest nuptiall night. (Swaine)

Cor. Thou mightst with credit haue deferr'd it,

Dor. I know it, Corydon: but 'twas my aime  
To right my reputation, which did stand  
Engag'd, unlesse I met him out a hand,  
Which I perform'd, and with my Second too;  
To beare me witnesse what I meant to doe.

Dym. And he perform'd the like;

Dor. He vow'd he would,  
And so indeed by Law of armes he should,  
But I percein'd his recreant spirit such,  
To fight on equall termes he thought too much;  
Neere to Soranus came there stands a groue,  
Which Poets faine was consecrate to Loue,  
Though then it seem'd to be transform'd by fate,  
From th' groue of Loue, unto the graue of Hate;  
There we did meet: where he out of distrust,  
Fearing the cause he fought for was not iust,  
To second his iniurious act, did bring  
A rout of desperate rogues along with him,  
Who lurking, kept together till we met,  
And so vpon aduantage me beset,  
As fight or fall, there was no remedie,  
Such was the height of Cacus villanie.

Tech. whoeuer heard a more perfidious tricke?

Dor. 'Tis true; yet though my Second had been sicke,  
And much enfeebled in his former strength,  
We held them play, till haplesly at length,

C.

Through

*Through violence of fury, from him fell  
His lucklesse weapon.*

*Dym. Oh I heare thee tell  
A heauy Scene!*

*Dor. Yes Dymnus hadst thou scene  
How our shed blond purpled the flowrie greene,  
What crimson streamlins flow'd from eiter of vs,  
Thou wouldst haue pitied, though thou nere did loue vs:  
For hauing fought so long as we had breath,  
Breathlesse we lay as Images of death,  
Bereft of sense or Motion.*

*Sap. Las for woe,  
Any true Heardsman should be used so.*

*Cor. What boundlesse sorrowes were ye plunged in!*

*Dor. Tis true; and worser farre had used bin,  
Had not Dameris that well natur'd Swaine,  
Repair'd that instant to our forlorne Plaine;  
Who seeing vs, and in what state we were,  
In due compassion could not well forbear  
From shedding teares, so soone as he had found  
Our red-bath'd Corpes fast glewed to the ground.  
Oft did he reare our Bodies, but in vaine,  
For breathlesse they fell to the Earth againe;  
Oft did he rub our temples to restore  
That vitall heat, which was suppress before:  
But without hope of life, though life was there,  
As Men of Earth, did we on Earth appeare.  
At last assisted by a Swaine or two,  
(See what the Prouidence of Heauen can doe)  
We were conueyed to a Graunge hard by,  
Wheretowere Surgeons sent immediatly,  
Whose learned skill drain'd from experience,*

*Brought*

# SHEPHEARDS TALES.

33

*Brought us in time to haue a little sense  
Of our endanger'd state.*

*Dym. But pray thee tell  
Whose hand exprest most art?*

*Dor. Graue Astrophel,  
Whose knowne experiments of Art haue showne  
More noble cures of late on this our Downe,  
Than all our Mountebankes could euer doe,  
For all these precious drugs they value so.*

*Sap. Indeed I know He has much honour won  
For his admired Cures; good Shepherd on.*

*Dor. Hauiing long languish'd betwixt life and death,  
Remou'd from thought of loue for want of breath,  
As men we liu'd expos'd to dangers Sconce.*

*Lin. Would not Bellina see thee?*

*Dor. Nere but once.*

*For hauiing heard there was no way but one,  
And that in all mens iudgements I was gone,  
Shee straight resolues to finde a cure for care,  
That if I liu'd she might haue one to spare.*

*Tech. Why, made shee choice of any but thy selfe?*

*Dor. Yes Technis yes, and of a dwarfish elfe,  
Whom she preferr'd, (though he could little please)  
Before her first loue, haplesse Doricles.*

*Tech. Inconstant Swainlin.*

*Dor. Hauiing heard of this,  
Thou may conceaue how grieue augmented is:  
I straight depriv'd of hope, began to raue,  
And would not take what my Physician gaue,  
But scorning all prescriptions valued death  
Abooue a languishing distastfull breath;  
Till by perswasion and recourse of time*

C 2

Those

*Those braine-sicke passions and effects of mine  
Depressed were: so as upon a day,  
The burden of my sorrowes to allay,*

*And to expresse the nature of my wrong,  
I set my hand to pen, and made a Song.*

*Dym. Good Dorycles let's heare what it may be,  
It cannot but be good if't come from thee.*

*Dor. Shepherds you shall; and if you thinke it fit,  
I lou'd her once, shall be the Tune of it.*

*Tech. No Tune more proper; to it lonely Swaine.*

*Dor. Attend then Shepherds to my dolesull straine.*

**T**He fairest faire that euer breath'd ayre,  
Feeding her Lambkins on this Plaine;

To whom though many did reparaire,  
I was esteem'd her dearest Swaine.

To me she vow'd, which vow she broke,  
That she would fancie me or none,  
But since she has her Swaine forsooke,  
I'le take me to a truer one.

Had she beene firme, as she was faire,  
Or but perform'd what she had vow'd,  
I might haue sung a sig for care,  
And safely swum in fancies flood;  
But ô the staine of womanhood!

Who breakes with one, keepes touch with none;  
Wherefore in hate to such a brood,  
I'le take me to a truer one.

Was't not enough to breake her vow,  
And quit my loue with such disdain,

But

But scornfully deride me too,  
 With scoffes to gratifie my paine ?  
 But since my labours are in vaine,  
 Ile spend no more my time in mone,  
 But will my former loue disclaime,  
 And take me to a truer one.

Who euer liu'd and shew'd more loue,  
 Or lesse exprest what she did show ?  
 Who seeming firme so false could proue,  
 Or vow so much, and flight her vow ?  
 But since I doe her nature know,  
 I am right glad that she is gone ;  
 For if I shoot in *Cupids* bow,  
 Ile take me to a truer one.

More faithlesse faire nere spoke with tongue,  
 Or could protest lesse what she thought ;  
 Nere Shepheard suffer'd greater wrong,  
 Or for lesse profit euer wrought ;  
 But since my hopes are turn'd to nought,  
 May neuer Heardsman make his mone  
 To one whose mold's in weaknesse wrought,  
 But take him to a truer one.

(thee ;

Cor. *May all poore Swaines be henceforth warn'd by  
 But didst thou neuer since Bellina see ?*

Dor. *Yes, and her lovely spouse Archerustoo,  
 Who seeing me (quoth he) There doth he goe,  
 Who on a time, as I enformed am,  
 Would lose his Lasse before he lost his Ram ;  
 Which I retorted, saying, I thought best,*

C 3

My

*My butting Ram should be his worships crest,  
Whose broad-spread frontlets did presage what fate  
Would in short time attend his forked pate.*

*Sap. Thou hit him home my Dorycles ; but say,  
What said she to thee ?*

*Dor. Bit lip, and away ;  
Though the next morne, my sorrow to renew,  
Shee sent a Willow wreath fast bound with Rew,  
Which I accepted, but that I might show  
I neuer rue her breach of promise now,  
The Rew that tyde my Wreath I threw aside,  
And with Hearts ease my Willow garland tyde.*

*Lin. A good exchange.*

*Dor. Now Shepheards you haue heard  
My faithfull loue, and her vniust reward ;  
Did euer Swaine enioy the light of Sunne,  
That bare such iniuries as I haue done ?*

*Tech. Indeed thy wounds were great ;*

*Dym. Yet mine as wide.*

*Dor. I mist my Loue, and lost my bloud beside.*

*Dym. Suspend thy iudgement, and thine eare incline  
Unto my Tale, and thou wilt yeeld to mine.*

*Coryd. Let's haue it Dymnus ;*

*Dym. Heard's man so thou shalt,*

*Yet if I weepe, impute it to the fault*

*Of my surcharged heart, which still appeares  
The best at ease, when eyes are full of teares.*



## *The Argument.*

**D**Ymnus Palmira  
 Woes to be his Wife,  
 But she had vnw'd  
 To liue a single life.

## *The second Argument.*

**D**Ymnus with long looking dim,  
 Loues the wench that lotheth him ;  
 Price nor praier may not perswade  
 To infringe the vow she made ;  
 Having meant to liue and die  
*Vesta's* virgin votarie.  
 Yet at last she seemes to yeeld  
 To her loue-sick *Swaine* the field,  
 So that he will vndertake  
 Three yeares silence for her sake:  
 Which hard Pennance he receaues,  
 And performs the taske she craues.  
 But while he restraines his tongue,  
 Shee pretends the time's too long :  
 Wherefore she doth entertaine  
 In her breast another *Swaine*.

C 4

*Dyminna*

Dymnus hauing heard of this,  
 Hies to th' place where th' marriage is,  
 Purposing to make a breach  
 By dumbe signes, though want of speech :  
 But alas they all command him  
 Silence, cause none vnderstand him.  
 Thus he suffers double wrong,  
 Losse of *wench*, and losse of *tongue*,  
 For till three yeares were expir'd,  
 He nere spoke what he desir'd,  
 All which time consum'd in dolour,  
 He displayes her in her colour;  
 And concluding, wisheth no man  
 Lose his tongue to gaine a woman :  
 And to cheere his pensue hearr,  
 With a *Song* they end this part.

## THE THIRD EGLOGVE.

Dymnus tale.



Pon a time while I did liue on Teefe,  
 I made loue to a wench my friends to please,  
 But (as my fate was still) it would not be,  
 For wooe I knew not how, no more than she :  
 Yet I can well remember this she said,  
 For ought she knew, she meant to die a Maid,  
 A Vestall Virgin, or a Votaresse,  
 A cloyster'd Nun, or holy Prioresse ;  
 To which I answer'd, if 't were her desire  
 To be a Nun, I meant to turne a Frier,  
 So might it chance that we againe should meet,  
 Where th' Nun and Frier might play at Barly-bredke.

Cor.

Cor. *Where liu'd thy Loue ?*

Dym. *Neere th' bottome of the hill,  
Betweene Pancarpus temple and the mill,  
There liu'd my faire Palmira, who I say,  
'Mongst all our wenches bore the Palme away :  
And her I lou'd and lik'd, and su'd and sought,  
But all my loue and labour turn'd to nought ;  
For she had vow'd, which vow should nere be broke,  
Shee'd die a Maid, but meant not as she spoke.*

Dor. *No Dymnus, no, the nicest sure I am,  
Would liue a Maid if 't were not for a man ;  
But there is none of them can brooke so well,  
To be a Beareward and leade Apes in Hell.*

Dym. *True Dorycles, for in proesse of time,  
I found her maiden humour to decline :  
For she did grant the boone which I did aske,  
Vpon condition of a greater taske.*

Lin. *What heauie censure might this taske afford ?*

Dym. *That for three yeeres I should not speake a word.*

Cor. *Alas poere Swaine, this taske which she prepar'd,  
In all my time the like was neuer heard.*

Dor. *But this same silent taske had harder bin,  
If she had prou'd what she enioyned him :*

*For none can doe a woman greater wrong,  
Than barre her from a priuiledge of tongue.*

Sap. *A womans tongue's a clapper in the winds,  
Which once a foot, can neuer be confinde ;*

*But to thy taske, good Dymnus.*

Dym. *To proceed,*

*What she enioyn'd I did performe indeed :*

*For I appear'd as one depriv'd of speech,*

*Yet nere my friends unto my aimes could reach ;*

*But*

*But much lamented that a Swaine so young,  
And promising, should lose his use of tongue.*

*Tech. I wonder how thou could expresse thy minde !*

*Dym. Onely by dumbe signes, so as I did finde  
Within short time, a great facilitie*

*In that hard taske which she imposed me.*

*Lin. Hardest adventures oft the easest seeme,  
Only for lone of such inioined them.*

*Dym. And such were mine ; when others talk'd with  
Of this and that, I euer held my peace ;*

*Others sung Carols of their fairest faire,*

*But I in silent measures had a share ;*

*Others discours'd of pleasures of the time,*

*And I approu'd them with a secret signe.*

*Others could court, as Shepheards use to doe,  
Which I could doe as well, but durst not show :*

*For all my aymes and purposes did tend*

*To gaine my Loue, and for no other end.*

*Cor. Did not performance of this taske obtaine  
That prize of loue which thou desir'd to gaine ?*

*Dym. No Corydon ; for though I did obey,*

*Shee thought three yeares too long a time to stay,*

*So as her dumbe knight she did straight disclaime,*

*And tooke her selfe vnto another Swaine.*

*Sap. Disloyall wench !*

*Dym. Yet 'las what remedie ;*

*A mariage is intended solemnlie :*

*Which that it might more priuately be caried,*

*In a retyred Cell they must be maried.*

*Tech. Vnhappy Swaine !*

*Dym. So did I then appeare :*

*For when the mariage came vnto my care,*

*I straight repair'd to th' Cell right speedily,  
Where these sad rites solemniz'd were to be.  
Straite was the Gate kept by a Porter grim,  
Who guards the doore that none should enter in:  
But I, as time requir'd, resolu'd to venter,  
Did boldly knock, and knocking freely enter;  
Where entring in, each casts his eye about,  
Some full of feare; as others were of doubt,  
What my approach should meane; but to be brieft,  
(Short tales seeme long that doe renue our griefe)  
The Priest pronouncing, iustly as I came,  
Who giues her to be maried to this man?  
I rush'd into the crond, their hands to breake,  
And gladly would haue spoke but durst not speake:  
At which attempt, some strange constructions had,  
And verily imagin'd I was mad;  
Others suspecting what I did intend,  
Thought that my aymes were to no other end,  
Than to preuent the Mariage for that time,  
And afterwards perswade her to be mine.  
Nor were their iudgements erring, for I thought  
By my deuice to haue this Proiect wrought  
Only by dumbe signes: sometimes would I show  
With eyes bea'd up to Heauen her breach of vow;  
Sometimes in violent manner would I seeme  
As if through loue I had distracted beene,  
Pulling my deare Palmira from his hand,  
Who to receiue her for his Spouse did stand.  
Sometimes, as Men in sorrowes plunged deepe  
And could not vtter them, I gan to weepe,  
And wash the Temple with a brinie flood,  
Yet all this while I was not understood:*

For in despite of all that I could doe,  
I was restrain'd, and she was married too.

Cor. What discontent might equall this of thine?

Dym. Yet though I bore it sharply for the time,  
I afterwards, and haue done euer since,  
Borne this disgrace with greater patience. (end !)

Lin. Yet Dymnus thou wast dumbe till three yeeres

Dym. Yes Linus, and as truly did intend

What she enioyned me, as I desir'd

To marrie her, when those three yeeres expir'd:

Which come and past, I then exprest my grieft,

Finding apt words to tender me reliefe;

“ For woes doe labour of too great a birth,

“ That want the helpe of words to set them forth.

Tech. But didst thou nere display her hatefull shame?

Dym. In generall I did, but not by name,

Nor euer will: my purpose is to liue

And laugh at loue, and no occasion giue

Of iust offence to her or any one,

Or silently consume my time in mone,

Frequenting shady Lawnes in discontent,

Or to the Ayre my fruitlesse clamors vent.

Though I resolue, if ere I make my choice,

In better sort and measure to rejoyce

Than I haue done;

Dor. Or else I me sure thy share

Though it decrease in ioy, will grow in care.

Dym. I know it will: Now as my wrong was great,

And greater farre than I could well repeat,

This shall be my Conclusion; There is no Man

Wife that will lose his tongue for any Woman:

For sure I am that they will be more prone

(Such

SHEPHERDS TALES. 43

(Such is their guise) to triumph over one  
When they haue drawne him headlong to their traine,  
Than such as on more firmer grounds remaine.

" Fly Women, they will follow (still say I)

" But if ye follow women, they will fly.

Tech. Rightly opinion'd Dymnus; but t' allay

Thy groundd grieffe, and to conclude the day,

Let's haue a Song;

Dor. Technis with all my heart.

Dym. Though I'ue smal mind to sing, I'le beare a part.

Cor. And you too Sapphus;

Sap. Yes, and Linus too;

Lin. Yes, I my Art amongst the rest will show.

Dor. To it then freely: safely sing may we,  
Who haue beene slames to Love, but now are free.

Tech. **T**ell me Loue what thou canst doe?

Dor. **T**riumph ore a simple Swaine;

Dym. Binding him to such a vow;

Cor. As to make his grieffe thy gaine.

Sap. Doe thy worst thou canst doe now;

Lin. Thou hast shot at vs in vaine.

All. For we are free, though we did once complain.

Dor. Free we are as is the ayre;

Tech. Or the siluer-murm'ring spring.

Dym. Free from thought or reach of care;

Cor. Which doe haplesse Louers wring.

Sap. Now we may with ioy repaire;

Lin. To our gladsome Plaines and sing;

All. And laugh at Loue, and call't an idle thing.

Dym.

44 SHEPHERDS TALES.

*Dym.* Sport we may and feede our Sheepe,

*Dor.* And our Lamkins on this Downe ;

*Tech.* Eat and drinke, and soundly sleepe,

*Cor.* Since these stormes are ouer-blowne ;

*Sap.* Whilst afflicted wretches weepe,

*Lin.* That by loue are ouerthrowne :

*All.* For now we laugh at follies we haue knowne.

*Cor.* Here we rest vpon these rocks ;

*Dym.* Round with shadie *Iuy* wreath'd ;

*Dor.* Ioying in our woolly flocks ;

*Tech.* On these Mountaines freely breath'd ;

*Sap.* Where though clad in russet frocks,

*Lin.* Here we sport where we are heath'd :

*All.* Our only care to see our Pastures freath'd.

*Sap.* Thus we may retire in peace ;

*Cor.* And though low, yet more secure,

*Dym.* Then those Men which higher prease ;

*Dor.* *Shrubs* than *Cedars* are more sure :

*Tech.* And they liue at farre more ease,

*Lin.* Finding for each care a cure.

*All.* Their loue as deare and liker to endure.

*Lin.* For wherein consists earths blisse,

*Sap.* But in hauing what is fit?

*Cor.* Which though greater men doe misse ;

*Dym.* Homely Swaines oft light of it.

*Dor.* For who's he that liuing is,

*Tech.* That in higher place doth sit,

*All.* Whose sly Ambition would not higher git.

*Tech.*

SHEPHERDS TALES. 45

*Tech.* Let vs then contented be,

*Dor.* In the portion we enioy;

*Cor.* And while we doe others see,

*Sap.* Toss'd with gusts of all annoy;

*Dym.* Let vs say this feele not we:

*Lin.* Be our wenches kinde or coy,

*All.* We count their frownes and fauours but a toy.

*Dor.* Let's now retire, it drawes to Euening time,

Next Tale my Corydon, it must be thine.

*Tech.* Which may be done next day we hither come,

Meane time, let's fold our flocks and hye vs home.

---

A



## A Pastorall Palinod.

**T**hese Swains like dying Swans haue sung their last,  
And ioy in thinking of those woes are past;  
For woes once past, like pleasing pastimes seeme,  
And ioy vs more than if they had not beene. (Plaines,  
Such Layes become these Launes, such Plaints these  
“ Great men may higher haue, no heuier straines;  
For Swains their Swainlins loue, and wooe them too,  
And doe as much as brauer out sides doe.  
But Heardsmen are retired from their shade  
Of Myrtle sprays and sprigs of Olyer made,  
With purpose to reuisit you to morrow,  
Where other three shall giue new life to sorrow:  
Meane time repose, lest when the Swaine appears,  
You fall asleepe when you should flow with teares.

FINIS.



# HIS PASTORALLS

ARE HERE CONTINVED  
WITH THREE OTHER TALES;  
hauing relation to a former part, as yet ob-  
scured: and deuided into certaine Pastorall

Eglogues, shadowing much delight  
vnder a rurall subiect.

## *The Argument.*

**E**re Corydon proues,  
That nothing can be sent,  
To crosse loue more,  
The friends vnkind restraint.

## *The second Argument.*



Corydon coy Celia woes,  
And his loue by tokens shoves.  
Tokens are those lures, that find  
Best accesse to woman kind.  
Long he woes ere he can win;

N

Yet

## 176 THE II. ARGVMENT.

Yet at last she fancieth him:  
 And so firme, as you shall heare,  
 Each to other troth-plight were;  
 But alas, where loue is most,  
 There it oft-times most is crost.  
 For these two are closly pent,  
 Each from other by restraint;  
 He, vnto the plaine must go,  
 Loue-sicke, heart-sicke, full of wo,  
 Where he sings such chearefull layes,  
 In his chaste choise, *Celias* praise,  
 That steepe mountaines, rocks and plaines,  
 Seeme entranced with his straines:  
 But alas. while he does keepe,  
 Helpelesse shepheard, haplesse sheepe,  
*Celia* for to seeke her *make*,  
 From her *keeper* makes escape,  
 And vnto the mountaine goes,  
 Where her selfe, her selfe doth lose;  
 While one of *Lauerna's* crew,  
 Seizeth on her as his dew,  
 Where by force, by awe, by feare,  
 She was long detained there,  
 And in the end affianc'd so,  
 As she ends her life in wo.

THE

# THE SHEPHEARDS TALES.

*The shepheards.*

Technis. Dymnus. Dorycles.

Corydon. Sapphus. Linus.

## THE FIRST EGLOGVE.

Corydons tale.

**N** *My shepheards stay, there is no hast but  
good,  
We three are shepheards, and haue under-  
stood*

*Both of your follies and your fancies too;*

*Dor. Why tell vs Corydon, what thou wouldst do!*

*Cor. Shew my misfortune Swaines, as you haue done;*

*Tech. Deferre it till to morrow Corydon.*

*Cor. No, Technis no, I cannot if I would,*

*You'ue told your griefes, and now mine must be told:*

*What though the Sunne be drawing to the West,*

*Where he intends to take his wonted rest,*

*Tis Moone-light (lads) and if it were not light,*

*Welcome you are to lodge with me all night.*

*Dor. Thankes Corydon.*

*Cor. Why thanke you Corydon?*

*Simple and meane's the cottage where I won,*

*Yet well I wot, for chestnuts, cakes, and creame,*

*If you'll accept my welcome as I meane,*

*You shall not want, but haue sufficient store,*

*With hearty welcome swaines, what would ye more?*

*Dym. More Corydon! 't is all that we can wish,*

*But to thy tale, let's heare now what it is.*

*Dor. Yes, do good Corydon; and we will stay;*

N 2

Cor.

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Cor. Attend then shepheards, heare what I shall say.

Sap. And when you'ne done, I will begin with mine;

Lin. Which I'll continue, in the euening time.

Cor. Well said, good shepheards, we are iustly three,  
To answer their three tales, and here for me.

There was a Maid, and well might she be said,

So chaste, so choice she was, to be a Maid,

Where lillie white mixt with a cherrie red,

Such admiration in the shepheards bred,

As well was he that might but haue a sight

Of her rare beauty mirror of delight.

Oft would she come vnto a siluer spring,

Which neare her fathers house was neighboring,

Where she would eye her selfe as she did passe,

For shepheards vse no other looking-glasse.

Tech. True Corydon,

Cor. But which may seeme more rare,

This Maid she was as wise as she was faire;

So as discretion did so moderate

The safe conditiou of her low estate,

As enuie neuer wrong'd her spotlesse name,

Or soild her matchlesse honour with defame.

Dor. Under a happie Planet she was borne,

Cor. She was indeed; nor did she euer scorne,

The company of any country maid,

How meane soere or sluttishly araid:

But she would be their play-fare, to make chuse,

Of such poore simple sports as wenches vse.

Tea in their wakes, shroues, wassel-cups, or tides,

Or Whitson-ales, or where the country brides

Chuse out their bride-maids, as the custome is,

She feld or neare was seene to do amisse:

But so respectiue of her name and fame,

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*That though she bluſt, ſhe neuer bluſt for ſhame*

*Of any act immodest, but retain'd*

*That good opinion which her vertues gain'd.*

*Dym. Sure Corydon this was a Saintly woman;*

*Cor. Indeed ſuch Saints'mongſt women are not cōmon:*

*But to my ſtory; her did many ſwaine,*

*By fruitleſſe ſuite endeuour to obtaine,*

*As young Spudippus, rich Archymorus,*

*Active Amintas, youthfull Hirſius.*

*Dor. It ſeemes ſh'ad choice.*

*Cor. Yes Dorycles, ſhe had:*

*And ſome of theſe were good, and ſome as bad,*

*But neither good nor bad, nor rich nor poore,*

*Could her content, though ſhe had daily ſtore.*

*Yet from Pandoras box did nere proceed,*

*More hatefull poyſon vpon humane ſeed,*

*Then from theſe forlorne louers, whoſe report,*

*(But juſt is heauen, for they were plagued for't.)*

*Aſpers'd this candall on faire Celia,*

*That ſhe had made her choice ſome other way.*

*Tech. Unworthy louers.*

*Cor. True indeed, they be*

*Unworthy th' lone of ſuch an one as ſhe;*

*For Linus you do know them;*

*Lin. Yes, I do,*

*But ſpecially Spudippus, whom I know,*

*To be the notedſt cot-gueane that's about him.*

*Tec. Sure Linus th' ſhe could not chuſe but flout him.*

*Cor. Perhaps ſhe did, yet with that modeſtie,*

*As ſhe did ſhadow it ſo conerely,*

*That he could ſcarce diſcouer what ſhe ment.*

*Lin. How ere Spudippus would be patients.*

*Dor.* Then he's some gull.

*Lin.* No he's a wealthy man,  
And such an one as rightly, sure I am,  
Knows how much milke crummock his cow will gine,  
And can discern a riddle from a siue.

*Cor.* Linus, it seemes thou knowes him passing well.

*Lin.* Las if I would, some stories I could tell,  
Would make you laugh: for as it chanc'd one day,  
Some with my selfe did take his house by th' way,  
Where we an houre or two meant to remaine,  
To trie how he his friends would entertaine.

*Dor.* And pray thee how?

*Lin.* Ple tell thee Dorycles:

Having an houre or two taken our ease,  
And readie to depart (I pray thee heare)  
He sent one of his Scullerie for some beare,  
Which though long first, came in an earthen cup,  
Which being ginen to me, I drunke it vp;  
Which drunke.

*Cor.* How then good Linus, pray thee say?

*Lin.* The rest were forc'd to go a thirst away.

*Dor.* Had he no more?

*Cor.* Thou vs'd him in his kind.

*Lin.* May all be vsed so that haue his mind.  
But much I feare me, I've disturbed thee,  
Now Corydon shew what th'event may be!

*Cor.* Long did these woe, but Celia could approne  
Of nothing lesse then of these swainlings lone,  
Yet would she faine to fancie one of these,  
Whereby she might her bedrid father please.

*Tech.* Had she a father?

*Cor.* Yes, a surly Lout,

*Who*

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*Who long had liue decrepit with the gout,  
And liu'd for all the world, and so did die  
Like to a hog, that's pent up in a stie.*

Dor. Some cancred ernig.

Cor. True, a very else,

*Who car'd not who staru'd, so he fed himselfe.*

*He, as the want of one sense is exprest,*

*By giuing more perfection to the rest,*

*For euen his sense of feeling did decline,*

*Though he had bene a nigglar in his time,*

*Yea all those mouing, actiue faculties,*

*Which in the heate of youth are wont to rise,*

*Gaue way vnto suspition, lest his daughter*

*Through those loue-luring gifts which many brought*

*Should set her Maiden honor at whole sale. (her,*

Tech. Age h'as an eare indeed for euery tale.

Cor. True, Technis true, for no affection can

*Haue more predominance ore any man,*

*Then icalousie a selfe-consuming rage,*

*Is said to haue ore men of doting age.*

Dor. Thy reason Corydon?

Cor. That disesteeme

*Of being now more weake then they haue bene,*

*Makes them repine at others now that may,*

*And are as able to beget as they.*

Tech. Tis rightly noted Corydon.

Lin. Yes, he

*Knowes by obseruance whence these humors be.*

Cor. Linus I do, and better had I bene,

*If I had neuer knowne what these things meane;*

*But shepheards you shall heare the reason, why*

*I should this Dotards humour thus descrie.*

Sap. Yes, do good Swaine.

Cor. It chanc'd upon a night, (bright,  
A Moone-light night, when Moone and starres shine

That I with other shepheards did repaire  
To th'old-mans house, and found faire Celia there,  
Whom I in curtise with a kind salute,  
Kist, & with speaking heart though tongue was mute,  
Wish'd; o what wishes do possesse a mind,  
That dare not utter how his heart's inclin'd!

She might be mine, thrice blest in being mine.

Dor. Why didst not woo her Swaine, for to be thine?

Cor. Yes Dorycles I woo'd her, though not then,  
For Maidens they are bashfull amongst men,  
And dare not well in modestie impart,  
What they could give consent to with their heart;  
So as to tell thee truly Dorycles,  
We past that night in making purposes,  
Singing of catches, with such knowne delights,  
As young folke use to passe ore winter nights.  
And at that time, I may be bold to tell thee,  
For such conceits I thought none could excell me.  
For well you know, I was in Hyble bred,  
And by the sacred sisters nourished,  
So as being stor'd by Nature, help'd by art,  
There was no straine I bore not in some part:  
Which gaue faire Celia such entire content,  
As she discoverd after, what she ment.

Though I may sweare, for five months I came to her,  
And with some termes of art assaid to woo her:  
During which time, all th' answer I could get,  
Was this; she did not meane to marrie yet.

Tech. That's all the answer these young women haue,  
While

*While they reject what after they receive.*

Cor. Technis, indeed I did perceive as much,  
 Though all young wenches humours be not such:  
 But th'greatest cause of Celiass distaste,  
 Which made me many times the lesser grac't,  
 Proceeded from that chrone her dogged father,  
 As after by coniectures I did gather:  
 Perswading her, that she should plant her love  
 On such whose hopefull meanes might best approve  
 Her discreet choice: and that was not to be  
 Affianced to such an one as me.

*(saith,*

Dor. *Alas poore Swaine; 'tis true what th' Prouerbe*

*We aske not what he is, but what he hath.*

Cor. *And yet perswasions which her father vs'd,*  
*Could not preuaile with her, for she had chus'd,*  
*In heart I meane.*

Tech. *Whom did she dote vpon?*

Cor. *Will ye beleene me!*

Tech. *Yes.*

Cor. *Twas Corydon.*

Lin. *Thrice happie swaine.*

Cor. *Thrice happie had I bene,*

*If I had slept still in this golden dreame;*

*But afterwards occurrences there were,*

*Which thus abridg'd my hopes, as you shall heare.*

*Such deepe impression had affection made,*

*As there remained nothing vnassaid,*

*To consummate our wishes, but the rite.*

Tech. *Yes something else.*

Cor. *What Technis!*

Tech. *Marriage night.*

Sap. *They had enioyed that, you may suppose.*

Cor.

Cor. No, Sapphus no, *she was not one of those:*  
*So modest, chaste, respectiue of her name,*  
*Pure and demure, as th<sup>e</sup> sweetnesse of her fame,*  
*Above the choicest odors that are sent*  
*From spicie Tmolus flowrie continent,*  
*Sent forth that fragrant and delightfull sanour,*  
*As none ere heard, and did not seeke to haue her.*  
*For sundrie choise discourses haue we had,*  
*And I nere knew that ought could make her glad,*  
*Which had least taste of lightnesse.*

Tech. Sure thou art,  
 So much thy praises reli<sup>z</sup> true desert,  
 Wor<sup>th</sup> such vertuous beautie.

Cor. Technis no,  
 Albeit Celia esteem'd me so,  
 As long and tedious seem'd that day to be,  
 Which did deuide her fr<sup>o</sup>m my companie.  
 So as in silent groues and shady launes,  
 Where Siluans, water-nymphs, fairies, and faunes,  
 Use to frequent, there would we sit and sing,  
 Eying our beauties in a neighbour spring,  
 Whose siluer streamlings with soft murmuring noise,  
 To make our consort perfect, gaue their voice.  
 And long did we obserue this custome too,  
 Though her consent did bid me ceasse to doe:  
 For now I was no wger, but her loue,  
 And that so firmly linkt, as nought could mone,  
 Alter or sunder our vnited hearts,  
 But meagre death, which all true loners parts.

Tech. Then Corydon, to me it doth appeare,  
 That you were troth-plight.

Cor. Technis so we were,

But see (good shepheards) what succeeded hence:  
 This loue she bore me did her fire incense,  
 So as discourteously he pent his daughter  
 In such a vault, I could not see her after.  
 Which when my friends percein'd, they griened were,  
 That th' loue which I his Celia did beare,  
 Should be rewarded with contempt and scorne,  
 Being for parentage equally borne,  
 With best of his, as most of you can tell.  
 Lin. Proceed good Corydon, we know it well.  
 Cor. For was I not of Polyarchus line,  
 A noble shepheard!

Sap. True, who in his time  
 Solemniz'd many wakes on this our downe,  
 And ere he dide was to that honour growne,  
 As all our plaines resounded with his laies,  
 Sung by our Swaines in Polyarchus praise.  
 Cor. It seems thou knew him Sapphus: but attend  
 For now my storie draweth neare an end.  
 My friends distasting this repulse of mine,  
 Forc'd me from th' course whereto I did incline:  
 So as my hopes confin'd, I me driven to go  
 From Adons vale unto a mount of wo.

Lin. Vnhappie shepheard.  
 Cor. And unhappie sheepe,  
 For ill could I my heards from worrying keepe,  
 Though to that charge my friends enioyned me,  
 When I could scarcely keepe my owne hands free,  
 From doing violence vpon my selfe:  
 So as one day vpon a ragged shelve,  
 Wreath'd round with Iue, as I sat alone,  
 Descanting Odes of sorrow and of mone,

*I chanc'd on my mishap to meditate,  
 Celiass restraint, and my forlorne estate;  
 Which done, I vow'd if speedy remedy  
 Gave no reliefe unto my maladie,  
 That very cliff where I repos'd that day,  
 Should be the meanes to take my life away.*

*Tech. O Corydon this soundeth of despaire.*

*Cor. It does indeed: but such a watchfull care,  
 Had gracious Pan of me, that in short time,  
 These motiues to despaire 'gan to decline,  
 And lose their force: so as when griefes grew ripe,  
 I us'd to take me to my oaten pipe.*

*Dor. But ere thou proceed further, tell vs Swaine,  
 Where all this time thou vsed to remaine.*

*Cor. A broad-spread oake with aged armes & old  
 Directs the passenger the way he would,  
 Neare Cadmus rising hillocks, where the spring  
 Of golden Tagus useth oft to bring  
 Such precious trafficke to the neighbour shore,  
 As former times through blindness did adore  
 Those curled streames, wherein they did descry  
 Their loue to gold, by their Idolatrie:  
 That shady oake I say, and that blest spring,  
 In my distresse, gaue me such harboring;  
 As night and day I did not thence remoue,  
 But waking mus'd, and sleeping dream'd of loue.*

*Tech. Who euer heard the like!*

*Dor. How didst thou liue?*

*Cor. On hope.*

*Tech. Weake food.*

*Cor. Yet did it comfort giue,  
 To my afflicted mind, which did desire,*

*End*

Ever to singe her wings in fancies fire.  
 For many weekes in this distrest estate,  
 Wretched, forlorne, helpelesse and desolate,  
 Sate I deicited, musing on despaire,  
 And when those dreerie clouds would once grow faire:  
 But las the more I did expect reliefe,  
 The lesse hope had I to allay my grieve,  
 So as in th'end, as you shall after heare,  
 All meanes for my redresse abridged were.  
 But that you may perceine what loue can do,  
 And how effectually her passions shew,  
 Who before, I lonely Celia kent,  
 Knew not what th'Heliconian Muses ment,  
 Addrest my selfe;

lin. To what good Corydon?

Cor. To write of loue, and thus my Muse begun.

ech. Pray thee kind Swaine let's heare what thou  
didst write.

Cor. Yes do: for well I know it will delight  
shepheards to heare, of shepheards amorous toyes;

ap. On then good Corydon.

Cor. Haue at ye Boyes.

Celia speake, or I am dombe,  
 Here I'le soiorne till thou come,  
 Seeke I will till I grow blind,  
 Till I may my Celia find.  
 For if tongue-side, string would breake,  
 If I heard but Celia speake;  
 And if blind, I soone should see,  
 Had I but a sight of thee;  
 Or if lame, loue would find feete,  
 Might I once with Celia meete;

Or

Or if *deafe*, should I but heare  
 Loues sweete accents from thy eare:  
 Thy choice notes would me restore,  
 That I should be *deafe* no more.  
 Thus though *dombe*, *blind*, *deafe*, and *lame*,  
 Heard I but my *Celia* name,  
 I should *speake*, *see*, *heare*, and *go*,  
 Vowing, *Celia* made me so.

Tech. *Bestrow me Corydon, if I had thought,*  
*That loue such strange effects could ere haue wrought,*  
 Cor. *Yes Technis, yes, loue's such a wondrous thing,*

*That it will make one plunged in sorrow sing,*  
*And singing weepe, for griefe is wont to borrow*  
*Some strains of ioy, that ioy might end in sorrow.*

*For what is woe (as we must needs confesse it)*  
*Hauiing both tongue and teares for to expresse it,*  
*But a beguiling griefe, whose nature's such,*  
*It can forget, lest it should griene too much.*

Dor. *Indeed such sorrow seldome lasteth long,*  
*But say good Swaine, heard Celia of thy song?*

Cor. *I know not, Dorycles: but twas her lot,*  
*That from her keeper afterwards she got.*

Tech. *Happie escape.*

Cor. *Ah Technis, say not so,*  
*For this escape gaue new increase to wo;*

Lin. *How could that be?*

Cor. *Heare but what did ensue,*  
*She was preuented by a ruffin-crue,*  
*As she vpon the mountaines rom'd about,*  
*Through desert caues to find her shepheard out.*

Tech. *Alas poore wench; what were they Corydon?*

Cor. *Such as did haunt there, and did line vpon*

*Rapine*

Rapine and violence, triumphing in  
Impunitie, sole motive unto sin.

In briebe, they were, for so they did professe,  
Of braue Lauerna's crue, that patronesse  
Of all disorder, and each euening time  
Offer'd stolne booties to her godlesse shrine.

Tech. Mishap aboute mishaps.

Cor. True, so it was;

My lasse she lost her lad, the lad his lasse.

And sundry daies, this rout did her detain,  
While haplesse, helplesse she did sore complaine  
Of their inhumane vsage, but her griebe,  
Sighs, sobs, teares, throbs, could yeeld her small reliefe:

For in the end one of this forlorne crew,  
Seiz'd on my long-lou'd Celia as his dew,  
To whom espous'd whether she would or no,  
He ends her life, her tedious life, in wo.

in. A sad euent: but can she not be freed?

Cor. To what end Linus, she's dishonoured!

Tech. Unhappie fate.

Cor. Besides, she now is tide,

And by enforcement, made anothers Bride.

Come shepheards come, and say if euer time,  
Hade heardmens woes so ripe, as't hath done mine.

Sp. Yes Corydon, though thou thy griefes hast  
Shorne,

Which makes thee thinke none equal to thine owne,

Haue a Tale will moue compassion too,

Swaines haue any pittie.

ym. Pray thee how?

Sp. Nay I will not be daintie; but attend,  
And then compare our stories to the end,

Rapine

And

*And you'll conclude that neuer any Swaine  
Did loue so well, and reape so small a gaine.*



### *The Argument.*



Apphus woes Siluia,  
Yet he thinks it ill,  
To take to that,  
Which he did neuer till.

### *The second Argument.*



He, whose sweet and gracefull speech,  
Might all other shepheards teach:  
She, whom countries did admire,  
For her presence and attire:  
She, whose choise perfections mou'd,  
Those that knew her to be lou'd.  
She, euen *Silvia*, for saue she,  
None so faire, and firme could be;  
When she should be *Sapphus* Bride,  
And their hands were to be tide  
With their hearts in marriage knot,  
*Sapphus* heares of *Silvias* blot.  
Whereby *Sapphus* doth collect,

How

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How hard it is for to affect,  
Such an one as will reioyce,  
And content her in her choice;  
He concludes, since all things be  
Certaine in vncertainie,  
Who would trust what women say,  
Who can do but what they may.  
„Forts are won by foes assault,  
„If Maids yeeld, it is Mans fault.

THE SECOND EGLOGVE.

Sapphus tale.

**H**ad n Loue as well as any you,  
And such an one, as had she but her due,  
Deser'd the service of the worthiest swaine  
That ere fed sheepe upon the Westerne plaine.

Dym. Good Sapphus say, what was thy lasses name?  
Was it not Siluia?

Sap. The very same;  
It seemes thou knew her.

Dym. Yes exceeding well,  
And might haue knowne her, but I would not melly  
In more familiar sort.

Sap. Unworthy Swaine,  
Did her affection merit such a staine?  
Suppose she threm some looser looks open'd thee,  
And thou collected thence she would haue won thee,  
Is this the requisall of the loue she bore?

Dym. Nay on good Sapphus, Ple do so no more.

Sap. No more? why now I sweare, and may be bold  
That Dymnus would haue done it if he could.

O

Why

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*Why sir, what parts were euer in you yet,  
That she on you such fancie should haue set?*

*Tech. Fie, shepheards fie, we come not here to scold:  
Come Sapphus, tell thy tale as we haue told.*

*Sap. Dymnus doth interrupt me.*

*Lin. Dymnus ceasse.*

*Dym. Nay I haue done, so he will hold his peace.*

*But to vpbraid me, that I had no part  
To gaine her loue, I scorne it with my heart:  
For Ile auouch.*

*Tech. Nays then the strife's begun.*

*Dor. Dymnus for shame.*

*Dym. Nay shepheards, I haue done.*

*Dor. Pray then proceed good Sapphus.*

*Sap. Willingly:*

*Though I can hardly brooke this iniury.*

*Dym. Why Sapphus, I am sure thou know'st all this,  
That she was light.*

*Sap. I know she did amisse,  
Yet I must tell you Dymnus, 't had bene fit,  
That rather I then you had noted it:  
For it concern'd me most.*

*Dym. Pray let it rest,  
I did not know so much, I may protest.*

*Sap. Dymnus, enough: and thus I do proceed;*

*Vpon a time when I my stocks did feed,  
Her father Thyrsis chanc'd to come that way,*

*And to obserue me more, a while made stay  
Vpon the Downe, where I did feede my sheepe:*

*Who eying me, how duely I did keepe  
My woollie store (as I had care) from worrien,*

*Scab, sought, the rot or any kind of murren:*

*Tooke*

Tooke such a liking on me, as to say  
 The very truth, upon next holy day,  
 He did invite me to his house, where I  
 Found what was lone in lonely Siluia's eye.  
 In brieft, I lou'd her, I may boldly tell,  
 And thus her father notes, and likes it well:  
 For oft w'd he to say, right sure I am,  
 A penny in a man then with a man,  
 He did esteeme more of, which he applide  
 Unto that care which he in me descride.  
 Dym. A iolly Swaine he was.

Sap. He was indeed,  
 And on these Downs more frolicke rams did breed,  
 Then any Swainling that did dwell about him,  
 And truth to say, they would do nought without him.  
 Dor. 'Tis said that Thirsk frō Thirlis rooke her name,  
 Who thither with his heards a grazing came,  
 And plaid upon his pipe such pleasant straines,  
 As he yet liues upon the neighbour plaines.

Sap. This know I Dorycles, that in my hearing,  
 He pip'd so sweete, that many shepheards fearing  
 Th' melodious straines which issued from his reed,  
 Would so amaze their flocks they could not feede:  
 Jointly together in a secret caine,  
 There Palms and Mirtles their increasing haue,  
 They so contrin'd an harbour for the nonst,  
 That he might from the scorching Sunne be sconsf,  
 And sing at pleasure, while his accents raising,  
 Heardsmen were hearing, and their heards were gra-  
 or curious seats hewne from the solid stone, (zing.  
 ere aptly fram'd for Swaines to sit upon,  
 Who in his voice concein'd such choice delight,

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As a whole Sommer day from morne to night,  
 Seem'd but an houre, so sweetly did he sing,  
 While euery day he found out some new spring.  
 But all too long digression haue I made;  
 Falling in loue with Siluia as I said,  
 I saw and perswad, perswad, for it cost  
 My libertie, which I by seeing lost.  
 Dor. Deare was that sight.  
 Sap. Yet deare may I measure,  
 Was she to me, then any senses were:  
 For other objects I did wholly scorn,  
 Chusing her selfe for me to looke upon.  
 Neither was I hope-reft, for she did seeme  
 To fancie me, howe'eu'r she did meane;  
 And I deserv'd it, as I thought that day,  
 For cloth'd like in my suite of shepheards gray,  
 With but pond cap and buskins all of one,  
 I may assure you (heardsmen) I thought none  
 On all our Downe more neate or handsome was,  
 Or did deserue more kindnesse from his lasse.  
 Dym. A good conceit doth welbe.  
 Sap. And trinit how as this, did  
 She shew'd me all respect that I could wish,  
 And undissembled too, I was perswaded,  
 Though afterwards all that affeition faded.  
 For on a day, (this I thought good to tell,  
 That you may thence perceiue she lov'd me well)  
 In a Greene shade harbour I repos'd,  
 With Sycamours and Iunipers enclos'd,  
 She priuately into the harbour crept,  
 Which scene, I saw'd a sleepe, but neuer slept.  
 Tech. A faire occasion!

Lin. How did she reueale

Her loue?

Sap. If you had felt, what I did feele,  
 You neuer would awake, but wist do die,  
 In such a soule-beguiling phant asie.  
 For first she eyed me, nor contented so,  
 With nimble pace she to my lips did go:  
 And calls, and clings, and clips me round about,  
 Using a soft-sweete dalliance with her foote,  
 Not to awake me from my chearefull dreame,  
 But to impart what she in heart did meane;  
 Wherewith I seem'd to wake.

Tech. Why didst thou so?

Sap. Technis, I thought she trod upon my toe,  
 But as I wak'd, she without further stay,  
 Dying her cheekes with blushes, stole away.  
 Dym. This shew'd she lou'd thee.

Sap. So I know she did,

But who can perfect what the fates forbid?  
 For long we lined thus, and loued too,  
 With vowe as firme as faith and troth could do,  
 That nought should ere infringe that nuptiall band,  
 Confirm'd betwixt vs two with heart and hand.  
 So as with Thirsis knowledge and consent,  
 After so many weekes in lone-toyes spent,  
 It was agreed upon by either side,  
 That I should be her Bridegroom, she my Bride.  
 And th' day of Solemnization was set downe,  
 So as the choicest youths in all the towne,  
 Address'd themselves, for I was valued then  
 Amongst the chiefest Swaines, to be my men.

Lin. I know it Sapphus, both thy wealth and worth,

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*Were both of power enough to set thee forth.*

*Sap. In brieft, for I your patience might wrong,  
To stand upon these marriage rites too long;  
To th' Church we went, suspecting I may sweare,  
No such euent as after did appeare.*

*Tech. What sad euent, good Sapphus?*

*Sap. Being now  
Come to do that which we could nere undo,  
The Priest pronounc'd a charge, whereby was ment,  
If either of vs knew impediment,  
Why we should not be ioyned, then to speake,  
That we in time might such a wedlocke breake;  
Or any one there present should shew cause,  
Why we might not be married by the lawes:  
There to declare, in publicke one of these,  
Or else for ever hold their peace.  
Godspeed them well, said all, sune onely one,  
Who stood from thence some distance all alone,  
Crying, aloud in open audience,  
Sapphus forbear, there is no conscience,  
That thou should ioyne thy hand to one desl'd;  
At least provide a father for her child,  
Which she kind pregnant vench is great withall,  
And, who ere got it, will thee father call.*

*Tech. This was a strange preuention.*

*Sap. I confesse it,  
But if y'ad heard how Mevius did expresse it,  
(For so his name was) you would haue admir'd  
His frontlesse impudence.*

*Dym. Sure he was hir'd,  
To frustrate these solemnities.*

*Sap. Ah no,*

*Beleene*

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*Beleeue me Dymnus it was nothing so:  
For he was fruitfull long before her time,  
But th' fault was hers, it was no fault of mine:  
So as her neighbours iudg'd and censur'd on her,  
That she begun by time to take upon her,  
But this shall be in silence past for me,  
Onely she's shadowed in my \* Omphale,  
And so charactred, as the time may come,  
Siluia shall be as Flora was in Rome.  
Dor. But what succeeded hence?*

\* A Poem entitled Omphale.

*Sap. Upon this voice  
There streight arose a strange confused noise,  
Some Meuus tax'd, and said he was to blame,  
To blemish any modest Maidens name;  
Others were doubtfull, lest it should be true,  
And thus they thought, and thus it did ensue.  
I now suspicious of this foule dishonour,  
Which Meuus publickly had laid upon her:  
Resolv'd those solempne sponsals to delay,  
And put them off untill another day:  
Meane while, (attend me Swains) when th' day came on  
That I should marrie, Siluia had a sonne.*

*Cor. God blesse the boy.*

*Dym. Who might the child begit?*

*Sap. Nay Dymnus sure, who euer fatherd it.*

*Dym. Who I!*

*Sap. Nay blush not man, for you haue told,  
You might oft-times haue done it if you wold;  
But I do wish her all the good I can,  
And praise her choise, though I be not the man.*

*Tech. Unhappie choice!*

*Dor. Hard fate!*

*T'is nothing so,  
 You'le heare a choise more fatall ere you go,  
 These were but toys to entertaine the time,  
 Prepare your handkerchers if you'le haue mine.  
 All. What, must we weepe?  
 Lin. Shepheards a while forbeare,  
 And if there be no cause, iudge when you heare.*



### *The Argument.*

**L**inus doth Lesbia loue,  
 And woe, and win,  
 And after by her  
 Lightnesse wrongeth him.

### *The second Argument.*

**L**ouely Lesbia, who might be,  
 For birth, beauty, quality,  
 Styled Natures Paragon,  
 Fram'd for Swaines to dote vpon;  
 In a word for to expresse,  
 Feature of this Shepheardesse,  
 If you would her stature know,  
 She was neither high nor low;

But

But of such a middle size,  
 As if Nature did deuise,  
 (For as't seemeth so she ment)  
 To make her, her president;  
 With a Sun-reflecting eye,  
 Skin more smooth then iuory;  
 Cherrie lip, a dimple chin,  
 Made for loue to lodge him in;  
 A sweete chearing-chafing sent,  
 Which perfum'd ground where she went;  
 A perswasive speech, whose tongue  
 Strucke deepe admiration dombe.  
 She, euen she, whom all approu'd,  
 Is by liuely *Linus* lou'd,  
 And at last (what would ye more)  
 Though she was betroth'd before  
 To *Palemon*, that braue Swaine,  
 Who quite droupes through her disdaine,  
 Is with rites solemnized,  
 Vnto *Linus* married;  
 Whom he finds (as heauen is iust)  
 After, staine'd with boundlesse lust,  
 So as he laments his state,  
 Of all most vnfortunate,  
 That he should in hope of pelfe,  
 Wrong both others and himselfe.

THE

But

## THE THIRD EGLOGVE.

Linus tale.



*Lond a lasse, alas that ere I lond,  
Who as she seem'd to be, if she had  
pron'd,*

*A worthier Swaine the country  
nere had bred,*

*And her I woing won, and winning wed.*

*Tech. I like thee Linus, thy preamble's short;*

*Lin. Technis, indeed I am not of that sort,*

*Who for a thing of nought will pule and crie,*

*And childishly put finger in the eye;*

*The burden of my grieve is great to beare.*

*Dor. What is it Linus, pray thee let vs heare?*

*Lin. The Maid I got, and Lesbia was her name,*

*Was to another troth-plight ere I came.*

*Cor. How should she Linus then be got by thee?*

*Lin. It was my fate, or her inconstancie.*

*Hows ere I haue her, and possesse her now,*

*And would be glad to giue her one of you.*

*Tech. Art wearie of thy choice?*

*Lin. Technis, I am,*

*For I me perswaded she'd wearie any man.*

*So seeming smooth she is and euer was,*

*As if she hardly could say Michaelmas:*

*But prinatly so violently fierce,*

*As I me afraid her name will spoile my verse.*

*Cor. This is some hornet sure.*

*Lin. A very waspe,*

*Whose*

*Whose forked tongue who euer should unclasse,  
Would find't a taske to charme it.*

*Dym. Is't so tart;*

*Lin. O Dymnus, that thou didst but feele a part  
Of my affliction, thou wouldst surely mone,  
And pittie me, that's matcht to such an one;  
For tell me shepheards was there ere so rare,  
A crime, wherein my Lesbia doth not share?  
Proud, (though before as humble to the eye  
As ere was Maid) so as one may descrie,  
Euen by her outward habit what she is,  
And by her wanton gesture gather this:  
If thou be chaste, thy body wrongs thee much,  
For thy light carriage saith, thou art none such.*

*Sap. Some fashion-monger I durst pawne my life.*

*Lin. Sapphus 'tis true, such is poore Linus wife,  
Though it seemes a country Shepheardesse,  
Such harsh fantasticke fashions to professe:  
One day unto a Barber she'de repaire,  
And for what end but this, to cut her haire,  
So as like to a Boy she did appeare,  
Hauing her haire round cut unto her eare.*

*Cor. Good Linus say, how lookt that Minx of thine?*

*Lin. Like to a fleecelasse Ewe at shearing time.  
So coud she was, as next day she did show her  
Upon the Downs, but not a Swaine could know her;  
So strangely clipt she seem'd, and in disguise,  
So monstrous ugly, as none could deuise  
To see one clad in lothsome attire:  
And this she knew was farre from my desire,  
For I did euer hate it.*

*Tech. Pray thee Lad*

*Tell*

*Tell vs in earnest how she might be clad!*

*Lin. There is a fashion now brought vp of late,  
Which here our country Blouzes imitate,  
The cause whereof I do not thinke it fit,  
If I did know't, for to discouer it,  
But sure I iudge, some rot's in womans ioynts,  
Which makes them faine to tye them vp with points,  
Dym. With points!*

*Lin. Yes Dymnus, that's the fashion now,  
Whereof I haue a tale, right well I know,  
Will make you laugh.*

*Dor. Let's heare that tale of thine.*

*Lin. Shepheards you shall; it chanc'd upon a time,  
That Lesbia, whose spirit euer would  
Obserue the fashion, do I what I could,  
Bearing a part far higher in a word,  
Then my abilitie could well afford:  
That she I say into this fashion got,  
(As what was th' fashion she affected not)  
Of tying on with points her looser waste;  
Now I obseruing how her points were plait,  
The Euen before she to a wake should go,  
I all her points did secretly vndo,  
Yet therewithall (such easie knots did make,  
That they might hold till she got to the wake,  
Which she not minding.*

*Cor. On good Linus, on.*

*Lin. She byes her to the wake (my Corydon)  
Where she no sooner came, then she's tane in,  
And nimble falls vnto her renelling,  
But see the lucke on't, while she scuds and skips,  
Her underbody falls from off her hips,*

*Whereat*

SHEPHERDS TALES. 205

Whereat some laught, while others tooke some ruth,  
That she unca's'd, should shew the naked truth.

But heare what happen'd hence, ere th'setting Sunne  
Lodg'd in the West, she heard what I had done;

So as resolu'd to quite me in my kind,  
Next morn's betime, she Hylus chanc'd to find.

Sap. Who, Clytus boy!

Lin. Yes Sapphus, selfe-same Lad,  
Who was a good boy, ere she made him bad.

Tech. Pray Linus how?

Lin. Through her immodestie,  
She him allur'd for to dishonour me.

Tech. Disloyall Lesbia; but pray the shew,  
Did Hylus (harmente'sse youth) consent thereto?

Lin. Technis, he did;

Dor. How shouldst thou know as much?

Lin. She did display't her selfe.

Dor. Is her shame such?

Lin. Yes, and withall decide me to my face,

With such iniurious speeches of disgrace,

As patience could not beare.

Tech. And didst thou beare them?

Lin. Yes, Technis yes, & smild when I did beare them

For this is my conceit, it seemeth no man,

To shew his violence unto a woman.

Dym. Linus sayes well, but womans nature's such,

They will presume if men do beare too much.

For if the tongue upon defiance stand,

The tongue should be reuenged by the hand.

Lin. Some would haue done at Dymnus, but I thought

If I reuenge by such base meanes had sought,

The world would condemne me; she could blind

Most

206 SHEPHERDS TALES.

Most men with an opinion, she was kind,  
 But in a modest sort: for on a time,  
 Rich Amphybaeus offering to the shrine  
 Of Panaretus (as there went report)  
 Sought for her loue in a dishonest sort,  
 With price, with prayer, yet nere attain'd his aime,  
 To soile her honour, or her vertues staine;  
 Sap. Women are nice when simple heard-men craue it,  
 And will say nay, when they the fainst would haue it.  
 Lin. 'Tis right; and now good shepheards tell me true,  
 Haue I not cause, for I'll be iudg'd by you,  
 To mone my hard mishap?  
 Tech. Thou hast indeed. (bleed;  
 Cor. Thy woes, friend Linus, make my heartstrings  
 Lin. I thanke you all; but will you heare a song,  
 Penn'd in the meditation of my wrong!  
 Dor. For loues-sake do!  
 Lin. Iudge if the descant fit  
 The burden of my grieffe, for this is it;  
 As for the note before I further go,  
 My tune is this, and who can blame my woe?

If Marriage life yeeld such content,  
 What heauie hap haue I,  
 Whose life with grieffe and sorrow spent,  
 Wish death, yet cannot die;  
 She's bent to smile when I do storme,  
 When I am chearefull too,  
 She seemes to loure, then who can cure,  
 Or counterpoize my woe?

My marriage day chac'd you away,

For

*SHEPHEARDS TALES.* 207

For I haue found it true,  
That *bed* which did all ioyes display,  
Became a *bed* of rue;  
Where *asses* do brouze on fancies floure,  
And beauties blossome too:  
Then where's that power on earth may cure,  
Or counterpoize my woe?

I thought *loue* was the *lampe* of life,  
No *life* without'en *loue*,  
No *loue* like to a faithfull *wife*:  
Which when I sought to proue,  
I found her birth was not on earth,  
For ought that I could know;  
Of good ones I perceiu'd a dearth,  
Then who can cure my woe?

*Zantippe* was a iealous shrow,  
And *Menalippe* too,  
*Faustina* had a stormie brow,  
*Corinna*'s like did show;  
Yet these were Saints compar'd to mine,  
For mirth and mildesse too:  
Who runs diuision all her time,  
Then who can cure my woe?

My *boord* no dishes can afford,  
But *chafing dishes* all,  
Where selfe-will domineres as Lord,  
To keepe poore me in thrall;  
My discontent giues her content,  
My friend she vowes her foe;

For

How

How should I then my sorrowes vent,  
Or cure my endlesse woe?

No cure to care, farewell all ioy,  
Retire poore soule and die;  
Yet ere thou die, thy selfe employ,  
That thou maist mount the skie;  
Where thou may moue commanding Ioue,  
That *Pluto* he might go  
To wed thy wife, who end't thy life,  
For this will cure thy wo!

*Dym.* I iudge by this, that thou wouldst faire for sake  
And freely giue her any that would take her!

*Lin.* Dymnus I would; but I my crosse must beare,  
As I haue done before this many yeare;  
But since our griefes are equally exprest,  
Let's now compare which is the heauiest!

*Tech.* I lost my *Amarillida*;  
*Dor.* But she  
Was nothing to *Bellina*;

*Dym.* No, nor *Bacchino*;  
Like to my faire *Palmira*.

*Cor.* Nor all three;  
Equal to *Celia*;  
*Sap.* Let *Silvia* be

The onely faire.

*Lin.* Admit, they all were faire;  
Your griefe

For you are free,  
Make choice of some, may be as faire as they;  
But I am bound, and chat in such a knot,

well

*As onely death may it unloose, or not.*

Tech. *To Linus must we yeeld; but who are these?*

Dor. *Two iollie shepheards, that do hither preſe,  
With ribbon fanours and roſemary ſprigs;  
Chanting along our Downes their rurall ygs,  
As to ſome wedding boun;*

Sap. *You may preſume,  
For Iohn vnto the May-pole is their tune,  
And that's their bridall note.*

Lin. *Let vs draw neare them,  
Cloſe to this ſhadie Beech, where we may heare them.*



The ſhepheards holy-day, reduced  
in apt meaſures to Hobbinalls  
Galliard, or Iohn to the  
May-pole.

**M**Opſo. *Come Marina let's away,  
For both Bride and Bridegroome ſtay,  
Fie for ſhame are Swaines ſo long,  
Pinning of their head-gear on?*

*Pray thee ſee,*

*None but we,*

*Mongſt the Swaines are left vnreadie,*

*Fie, make haſt,*

*Bride is paſt,*

*Follow me and I will leade thee.*

P

Mar.

*Forth of a curi-  
ous Spinnet gra-  
ced with the beſt  
rarities of Art  
and Nature,  
Mopſus a ſhep-  
heard, and Ma-  
rina a ſhephear-  
deſſe, ſinging a  
Nuptiall hymne  
in the way to the  
Bridall,*

110 SHEPHEARDS TALES.

Mar. *On my louchy Mopsus, on,  
I am readie, all is done,  
From my head unto my foote,  
I am fitted each way to't;  
Buskins gay,  
Gowne of gray,  
Best that all our flocks do render,  
Hat of stroe,  
Platted through,  
Cherrie lip and middle slender.*

Mop. *And I thinke you will not find  
Mopsus any whit behind,  
For he lones as well to go,  
As most part of shepheards do.  
Cap of browne,  
Bottle-crowne,  
With the leg I won at dancing,  
And a pumpe  
Fit to iumpe,  
When we shepheards fall a prancing.*

*And I know there is a sort,  
Will be well provided for't,  
For I heare, there will be there  
Lineliest Swaines within the Shere:  
Ietting Gill,  
Iumping Will,  
Ore the floore will haue their measure:  
Kit and Kate,  
There will waite,  
Tib and Tom will take their pleasure.*

SHEPHERD'S TALES. 211

Mar. But I feare;

Mop. What doest thou feare?

Mar. Crowd the fidler is not there:

And my mind delighted is,

With no stroake so much as his.

Mop. If not he,

There will be

Drone the piper that will trounce it.

Mar. But if Crowd,

Strucke aloud,

Lord me thinks how I could bounce it!

Mop. Bounce it Mall, I hope thou wilt,

For I know that thou hast skill,

And I am sure thou there shalt find,

Measures store to please thy mind;

Roundelays,

Irish-bayes,

Cogs and rongs and Peggie Ramsie,

Spaniletto,

The Venetta;

John come kisse me, Wilsons fancie.

Mar. But of all there's none so sprightly

To my eare; as tutch me lightly:

For it's this we shepheards loue,

Being that which most doth moue;

There, there, there,

To a haire,

O Tim Crowd, me thinks I heare thee,

Young nor old,

Nere could hold,

But must leake if they come nere thee.

Ma

P 2

Mop.

212 SHEPHERDS TALES.

Mop. Blush Marina, sie for shame,  
Blemish not a shepheards name;

Mar. Mopsus why, is't such a matter,  
Maids to shew their yeelding nature?

O what then,

Be ye men,

That will beare your selues so froward,

When you find

Us inclin'd,

To your bed and boord so toward?

Mop. True indeed, the fault is ours,

Though we tearme it oft-times yours;

Mar. What would shepheards haue us do,

But to yeeld when they do wo?

And we yeeld

Them the field,

And endow them with our riches.

Mop. Yet we know,

Oft-times too,

You'll not stick to weare the breches.

Mar. Fooles they'll deeme them, that do heare them

Say, their wines are want to waare them:

For I know there's none has wit,

Can endure or suffer it;

But if they

Haue no stay,

Nor discretion (as tis common)

Then they may

Giue the sway,

As is fitting to the woman.

Mop

Mop. *All too long (deare loue) I weene,  
Hauē we stood vpon this theame:*

*Let each lasse, as once it was,  
Loue her Swaine, and Swaine his lasse:*

*So shall we*

*Honor'd be,*

*In our mating, in our meeting,*

*While we stand*

*Hand in hand,*

*Honest Swainling, with his Sweeting.*

Dor. *How say you shepheards, (shall we all repaire  
Unto this wedding, to allay our care?*

Dym. *Agreed for me.*

Tech. *And I am well content.*

Cor. *On then, let's make our life a merriment.*

Sap. *See where they come!*

*May Hymen aye defend them.*

Lin. *And far more ioy then I haue had God send them.*

FINIS.

P 3

THE HISTORY OF THE

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THE

OMPHALE,  
OR,  
THE INCONSTANT  
SHEPHEARDESSE.

---

*Perijſſem, niſi perijſſem.*

---



---

LONDON,  
Printed for RICHARD  
WHITAKER.  
1621.



To her in whose chaste breast  
*choisest* vertues, as in their  
Abstract, are seated:

*The accomplishd Lady P.W. wife to the*  
**Nobly-descended S. T.W. Knight:**  
*and daughter to the much*  
*honoured, S. R. C.*

*All correspondence to her worthiest*  
*wishes.*





OMPHALE,  
OR,  
THE INCONSANT  
SHEPHEARDESSE.

**I**N bondage free, in freedome bound  
I am,  
A hopelesse, haplesse, loue-sicke,  
life-sicke man;  
When I write ought, streight loue  
preuentseth me,  
And bids me write of nought but Omphale:  
When I ride East, my heart is in the West,  
Lodg'd in the center of her virgin-breast.  
The homeliest cell would chearefull seeme to me,  
If I in it might liue with Omphale.  
My youth growes ag'd; for though I'me in my prime,  
Loue hath made furrowes in this face of mine;  
So as last day (aye me unhappie else)  
Looking in th' glasse, I scarce could know my selfe.  
And I, from whom these sharpe extreames did grow,  
Was not content, but I must tell her too,  
Which made her proud, for few or none there are,  
(If women) but they'r proud if they be faire.  
All this last Sommer hath it bene my hap,  
To sport, soy, play, and wanton in her lap,

And

And euer th'more I plaid, if so I could,  
 Or strength admitted meanes, the more I would:  
 For truth confirms that Maxime, where we find  
 A loning, loyall, well-disposed mind,  
 Prest for encounter, there we lone to plant,  
 Feeding on Loues delights in midst of want;  
 For Lone contemnes all want, and counts't a gaine,  
 To purchase one houres ioy with two yeares paine.  
 Alas how oft (too oft thou well may say)  
 Haue I in primate spent with her the day,  
 Inuoking th'Sunne, plants, heauen, and earth and all,  
 If fall I should, she did procure my fall?  
 And still she vow'd, and bit her lip, and stept  
 Apart from me, and wip'd her eyes and wept,  
 And stood and chid, and call'd me most vniust,  
 To harbour in my bosome such distrust.  
 And I (too credulous I) as one dismaid,  
 Was forced to recant what I had said,  
 Swearing I was resolu'd that th'constancie,  
 Of \* Hypemnestra match'd not Omphale.  
 Thus did I gull my selfe to sooth my lone,  
 Who pron'd a Serpent, though she seem'd a Doue:  
 For voves, protests, and all that she had spoken,  
 Were by her light affection quickly broken.  
 And whence came this? not frō me, heauen thou knowest  
 But from my lone who triumphs in my woes;  
 My lone; raze out that name: she was indeed,  
 When thou and she your lambkins vs'd to feede  
 On Arnus flowrie banks, being wont to make  
 Posies and nosegayes for her shepheards sake,  
 And bind them to his hooke; but let that passe,  
 She is not she, nor time the same it was.

\* Or Hypemnestra, one of the  
 fiftie daughters  
 of Danaus, who  
 out of a tender  
 nuptiall affectio,  
 sau'd her hus-  
 band Lynceus  
 from that great  
 slaughter which  
 was committed  
 by her sisters, in  
 slaying their  
 husbands.

For then (ô then) suspicious eyes were free,  
 And none but heavenly bodies lookt on thee;  
 (Too faire Spectators,) though we now and then  
 Dispence with Gods sight rather then with men.  
 And can she thinke on this and not relent,  
 Or thinking not of this, can she consent  
 To leaue Admetus? Yes, why can she not!  
 Now lones she Cloris, and I feare his lot  
 Will proue as fatall, for her very eye  
 Tells me she meanes to tread her (hoe awry.  
 And this I saw before, and durst not see,  
 For th' loue I bore to her, perswaded me  
 She could not be so thankelesse, as requite  
 My faithfull seruice with such strange despite:  
 Yet I percein'd, not by suspicious feare,  
 But by the Organs both of eye and eare,  
 That loue was fained which to me she bore,  
 Reseruing others to supply her store.  
 And I confesse in th' end I iealous grew,  
 For some had many fauours, I but few;  
 Others had smiles, I frownes, so as I say,  
 I found her former fancie fall away,  
 Which gane increase to grieve, cause to my eye  
 To looke into her steps more narrowly;  
 So as poore foole (so vainely did I erre)  
 I thought each bush did play th' Adulterer,  
 So violent was this passion; which to shew,  
 Though of Actions there be store enow,  
 I briefly meane, (and let all others passe)  
 To tell you how my iealous humour was.  
 Each thing I ey'd, did represent to me,  
 The lanely feature of my Omphale,

Yet

Yet so, as still that precious forme I saw,  
 Did by attractive power another draw,  
 To make her forme more complete, for we know,  
 Number can ne're consist of lesse then two.  
 Streight did I see, (suspition made me see)  
 My selfe made cuckold in a phantasie,  
 Which in my thoughts such deepe impression tooke,  
 As now and then I threw away my booke,  
 Calling my selfe an Asse, to pore on that  
 Which gaue my wench time to cornute my pate;  
 And to confirme the height of my disgrace,  
 Suffer the risling of her common place.  
 Sometimes in silent nights, when hoarie care  
 Is charm'd asleepe, and men exempted are  
 From day-bred passions, would I start from bed,  
 And sweare, the night had me dishonoured;  
 While she (sleepe-lulled soule) did thinke no harme,  
 But lay entwining me with arme in arme:  
 Yet hearing me she wakt, and chid me too,  
 For doing (humorous foole) what I did do,  
 And as she chid I wept, yet inward faine,  
 My dreames prou'd false, I went to bed againe.  
 If I but found her in discourse with any,  
 I streight renounc'd her loue, and swore too many  
 Were factors in my Pinnace, yet one frowne  
 Sent from her brow, subdude me as her owne.  
 If she receiu'd a letter from a friend,  
 I streight coniectur'd what it did intend;  
 Supposing (vaine suppose) where th' place should be,  
 That witnesse might the shame of Omphale:  
 To which I vow'd reuenge, though nothing were,  
 But my owne thoughts that ministred this feare.

Of

Oft would I faine ( for what were all my thoughts,  
 But fictions meere) that she played nought  
 With her owne shadow, and Narcissus-like,  
 That in her forme she tooke such quaint delight,  
 As forced now to surfet on her store,  
 She pron'd this true: Much plentie made her poore.  
 Thus did her presence cause me to admire her,  
 Her absence like occasion to desire her;  
 Without whose presence, though the Sunne shone faire,  
 All seemed darke, because she was not there.  
 Last time we parted with teare-trickling eye,  
 Hand ioyn'd in hand right ceremonially,  
 I call'd the heauens and sacred powers aboue,  
 To witnesse with me my unfained loue,  
 And vow'd with ball, s'ere it should appeare,  
 I broke the faith which I had plight to her,  
 Or entred any bed lasciniously,  
 Intending to play false with Omphale,  
 Or entertain'd least thought of disrespect  
 To her or hers in nature of neglect,  
 Or euer cancell'd th' deed, which (heauens you know,  
 Was seal'd and was deliuer'd twixt vs two)  
 Or euer chang'd my fancie, to deuide  
 My shared loue vnto another Bride,  
 Or ere disclaim'd what I in secret vow'd,  
 Or disallow what Hymen had allow'd;  
 If this or that, or any of these all,  
 Should censure me of lightnesse, that my fall  
 Might recompence my shame (which heauens forbid)  
 And this I vow'd to do, and this I did.  
 Nor did she spare to second me in this,  
 But wish'd s'ere she chang'd to do amisse,

With

With an intent of ill, or violate  
 Those solemn bests our lones had consummate,  
 Or stain'd that spoufall rest, that blest repose,  
 Where two encountred, yet were neither foes;  
 Or disesteem'd my lone, or prized it  
 Lesse then a constant louer did besit,  
 Or let one day or night passe carelesly,  
 Without recalling me to memory,  
 Or give occasion to the world to say,  
 She loues another when her lone's away,  
 Or entertaine a fauour, or descry  
 Least of affection by alluring eye,  
 Or riot in my absence, or consort  
 With any that might blemish her report,  
 Or frequent publicke presence, which might moue  
 A subiect for varietie of loue:  
 If this or that, or any should begin  
 To take her life, might vengeance plague her sinne.  
 Thus we both vow'd, and thus we parted too,  
 But heare how soone my lone infring'd her vow;  
 No sooner had the region of the West,  
 Remou'd me from my lone, and rest me rest,  
 Where steepe mountaines ragged and menue,  
 Ossa and Pelion-like do menace heauen,  
 Where scalpie hills and sandie vales imply,  
 The ploughmans toile's requited slenderly;  
 Where their course feeding and their homely fare,  
 Makes their wits lumpish, and their bodies spare:  
 Then she (inconstant she) forgot me cleane,  
 And all her vowes, as if I had not beene.  
 Distance of place, made distance in our lone,  
 And as my body mou'd, her lone did moue

From

From her first center: thus euen in my Prime,  
Did my loue change, when I did change my clime.

Thus like blind Cupids ball (by fancie cross)

Was I to euery hazard strangely tost;

Thus was my seruice guerdon'd with disgrace,

While Cloris crept into Admetus place:

And can her height of sinne be thus forgot?

No, wanton no, who is it knowes it not?

So as thy crime thy nature will display,

And make thy storie worse then Cressida,

Who in contempt of faith, (as we do reade)

Reiected Troilus for Diomedes!

Canst thou make shew of loue to me or any,

That art expos'd to louing of so many?

Canst thou haue heart to vow, when thou forsooke,

And didst infringe the oath which thou first tooke?

Canst thou haue face to come in open light,

That hast incurr'd reuenge in his pure sight,

Whose vengeance thou inuok't? canst thou repaire

Unto thy sex, or taste the common ayre,

Hauiug, (by making of thy faith so common)

Infected th' ayre, impeach'd the Sex of women?

Canst thou looke on that faithlesse hand of thine,

And giue it to another being mine?

Canst thou, and see that face, not blush to see

Those teares thou shed, and vowe thou made to me?

Or canst embrace another in thy bed,

Hearing thy first espoused friend not dead?

Suppose I should surprize thee, could I long

Restraine my hand, and not reuenge my wrong?

Could I allay my passion vnexpress,

Or see th' Adulterer sleepe within thy brest?

From

Could

Could I endure my bed should be abus'd,  
 Or see her strumpeted, whom I had chus'd?  
 Could I content my selfe to see my shame,  
 And coward-like, not to redresse the same?  
 No, no insatiate thou, sooner could time  
 Leane his gradation, or the Sunne to shine,  
 Light bodies to ascend and leane their center,  
 Rivers their downward course, than I should venter  
 My patience on that odds: but foolish I,  
 That gaue no credit to mine eare or eye,  
 But made my senses all Cassandra'es, where  
 Mine eare presag'd, yet I'de not trust mine eare:  
 Such strange distempers doth this Circe breed,  
 This phrensie-fancie in a louers head,  
 That though he heare, see, taste, and touch, & smell  
 His lones unkindnesse, yet he dare not tell,  
 But must renounce th' instruction of all these,  
 Yea, (euen himselfe) that he his wench may please.  
 O why should man tear me woman th'weaker kind,  
 Since they are stronger, as we daily find,  
 In will, and head, although their husbands browes,  
 Oft to a harder kind of temper growes?  
 So as for all that we do style them weaker,  
 They oft become to be their husbands maker!  
 But now Admetus, wilt thou pine and die,  
 And waste thy selfe for her inconstancie?  
 Wilt thou lament the losse of such an one,  
 As hath resolv'd to keepe her faith with none?  
 Or canst thou dote on her, that longs to be  
 Affected of each youth that she doth see?  
 No, no Admetus, since she proues vntrue,  
 Shed not our teare nor sigh, for none is due,

But

But offer Pan the chiefe of all thy flocke,  
 That thou art rid of such a weathercocke.  
 Now maist thou pipe upon thy oaten reede,  
 Whilest thy Mug-sheepe on Arnus pastures feede:  
 Where bonnie Clytus will attend on thee,  
 And Mopsus too will keepe thee companie.  
 There the late-freed Capnus will repaire,  
 And ioy to taste the freedome of the ayre;  
 Where he will descant on no rural theame,  
 But on Ambitions curbe, the golden meane.  
 And ioy he may, for who did euer heare  
 Such alterations as in him appeare?  
 Where long restraints hath labour'd to restore  
 That loue to him, which he had lost before.  
 With whom Admetus may in consort ioyne,  
 Comparing of your fortunes one by one;  
 He to regaine the loue which he had lost,  
 Thou to forget her lone that wrong'd thee most.  
 And well would this beseeme Admetus straine,  
 "For shepheards should not laugh at others paine,  
 But in compassion of their grieues and them,  
 To imitate their passions in the same.  
 And this's a better course, and safer too,  
 Then to do that which thou so late didst do,  
 Pining and puling, wishing death appeare,  
 Which for thy wishes was no whit the neare.  
 "For death (whē we are happie) will come nie vs, Ioke in Oct.  
 "But if we wretched be, then death will flie vs. Her.  
 How oft hath my experience made this good,  
 When wishing death, I was by death withstood?  
 For still I thought my woes would haue an end  
 If \* Death arrin'd, afflictions welcome friend.

\* Mort sola  
 potius, dabatur  
 erumnis locus,  
 ibid. Deian.

2

But

*But th' more I sought, the more he fled from me,  
To make me riper in my miserie:*

*"For griefe is of that nature, as it growes  
"In age, so new effects it daily shoves.*

*Yet now thou liues (and thanks to th' powers above)  
Hast neare by this, suppress the thoughts of loue.  
Now canst thou feed, and sleepe, and laugh, & talke,  
Sport, and tell tales, refresh thy selfe, and walke  
In flowrie Meedes, whilst thou seest Cloris hing  
His iealous head to heare the Cuckow sing.*

*Alas (poore man) what bondage is he in,  
To serue a Swaine that's cauteriz'd in sin,  
Expos'd to shame, and prostitute to lust,  
In whom nor's grace, nor faith, nor loue, nor trust?  
And heauen I wish, she may in time reclaime  
Her former course, and rectifie the same:*

*But th' Pumice stone will hardly water yeeld,  
Or grace appeare in such a barren field:*

*For such light mates encompasse her about,  
As Vertue's choak't before it can take roote.*

*O Cloris, if thou knew Admetus mind,  
And th' hard conceit he h'as of wom unkind,  
Whose fairest lookes, are lures, affections, baits,  
Words, wind, vowes, vaine, and their protests de-  
ceits,*

*Songs, charms, teares, traines to trace vs to our end,  
Smiles, snares, frowns, fears, which to our ruine tend:*

*Then wouldst thou (Cloris) censure Omphale,  
The pregnant mirror of inconstancie,*

*And curbe thy fancie, ere it haue least part  
In one can vow so often with one heart.*

*For heare me (Cloris) she did neuer show*

*Moro*

*More lone to thee, then she to others too:  
 Yet what art thou (if man) must build thee more  
 Upon her faith then others did before?  
 What art thou canst perswade thy selfe of this,  
 She'le not tread right, h'as trod so long amisse,  
 Or that she'le now prone constant, that h'as proud,  
 So faithlesse to the most, that she has lou'd?  
 No, Cloris no, the Prouerbe it is true,  
 And is confirm'd in her whom thou doest sue;  
 "To wash the Moore, is labouring in vaine,  
 "For th' colour that he h'as, is di'd in graine.  
 So th' more thou strives to make her blacknes white,  
 Thou drawes heauens curtaine to display her night.  
 Her night indeed, saue that no starres appeare,  
 (No lights of grace) within her hemi-sphere,  
 But th' changing Moone whose lightnesse doth expresse  
 That light-inconstant mind of Omphales:  
 "Where Vertue seemes at Nature to complaine,  
 "That vice should be at full, and she at waine.  
 Yet Nature answers, she h'as done her part,  
 And that the fault is rather in her heart,  
 That is so spacious, to entertaine  
 The waivering lone of euery wanton Swaine.  
 And I assent to Nature, for it's shorne,  
 By her rare workmanship, what she h'as done,  
 In giuing beautie lustre, her content;  
 In forming her, her selfe to represent.  
 And reason good; for when I thinke vpon,  
 That Zeuxes, Phydias, and Pigmalion,  
 (Those natie artists) who indeed did strine  
 To make their curious statues seeme a line,  
 Reducing art to Nature; then I find,*

Nature had cause to satisfie her mind  
 In something aboue art, that after-time  
 Might moue her to reioyce, art to repine.  
 And what more moning patterne could there be,  
 Then the admired forme of Omphale,  
 Whose feature equall'd Nature, and did show  
 The very Spring whence fancie's said to flow?  
 For first her stature's seemely, which I call,  
 Neither too dwarfish low, nor giant-tall;  
 Her front a rising mount, her eyes two lamps,  
 Which, where so ere she lookes impression stamps;  
 Her cheek twixt rosie red and snowie white,  
 Attracts an admiration with delight;  
 Her nose nor long nor short, nor high nor low,  
 Nor flat, nor sharpe, the token of a brow;  
 Her mouth nor ferret-strait, nor callet-broade,  
 But of an apt proportion, as it should;  
 Her breath the fragrant odour, which loue sips  
 From these two cherrie portels of her lips;  
 Where those two inory pales or rowes of teeth,  
 Accent her speech, perfumed by her breath;  
 Her chin th'inclining vale, denided us,  
 By th'daintie dimple of loues choicest blisse,  
 Which, as maine fouds from smallest currents flow,  
 Deriues her sweets to th'iuclings below;  
 Her necke a rocke enazur'd with pure veines  
 Of orient pearle, which with amorous chaines  
 Of lou's desir'd embraces, charmes the eye,  
 And tyes it to her obiect, when she's by;  
 Her breasts two Orbs or Mounts, or what you will  
 That may include perfection, which to fill  
 The world with admiration, are layd out,

To worke the feate her lightnesse goes about;  
Two prettie nipples, one oppos'd gainst t'other,  
Challenge the name of Nurse as well as Mother:  
Though some (for state makes loue to children worse)  
Scorne, being mothers to become their nurse.  
In brieft her all, (because I'll not descend,  
In praise of that, where praises haue no end)  
Is beauties faire Idza, which implies  
Height of content, to louers amazed eyes.  
And yet this she, the modell of delight,  
Though outward faire, seemes to my inward sight,  
As spotted as the Ermine, whose smooth skin,  
Though it be faire without, is foule within.  
For what more foule then vice? but chiefly that  
Which makes a woman to degenerate,  
From her more shamefast Sex, where modestie  
Should sit vpon her cheeke, to verifie

(rest,

What th' Comick said: \* fraid thoughts find neuer

\* Errant, nec  
sedem repetunt  
serenam Quam  
petulant corde  
resurgunt, &c.

"But shamefast lookes become a woman best.

Indeed they do; for there is greater sence,  
That shame should moue man more then impudence;

For bashfull lookes adde fuell to loues fire,  
While th'spirit of lust doth with her flame expire.

Which makes me wonder, that th'interiour light  
Whence man resembles God, should lose his sight,

By doting on an Idoll, that can take  
To charme loues dazled eyes a Syrens shape,  
Making Art vye with Nature for the best,  
And soiling that which should surpasse the rest.

For what is faire, if that be all there is,  
But an eye-pleasing thing, that yeelds no blisse,  
Wanting that inward faire, which who enioyes,

*Esteemes all outward ornaments as toyes,  
 Compared to that beauty, which no Art  
 Could euer equall, or expresse in part?  
 Indeed the grace of vertue is more rare,  
 And exquisite, when she that's good is faire,  
 For she becomes most complete well we know,  
 That's grac'd with vertue and with beautie too.  
 Whence that experienc<sup>t</sup>\* Morall vs'd to reach  
 A looking glasse to such as he did teach;  
 Wherein, if such were faire themselves did eye,  
 He would exhort them rather to apply  
 Their minds to vertue, for great pittie were,  
 Foule soules (quoth he) should haue a face so faire:  
 But if deform'd, he streight would comfort them,  
 With wholesome precepts to supply the same;  
 For fit it were (quoth he) a face so foule,  
 Should be prouided of a beauteous soule.  
 But rare's this composition, for we find,  
 Seldome that double blisse in woman-kind,  
 Where she that's faire can soone admire her owne,  
 And knowes what Nature for her selfe hath done:  
 Yea she by this can learne another straine,  
 Put on coy looks, and th' fashion of disdain, (breath,  
 Minst-speech, huff-pace, sleeke-skin, and perfum'd  
 Goats-haire, brests-bare, plume-fronted, fricace-  
 All which infuse new motions into man, (teeth  
 Late borrow'd of th' Italian Curtezan.  
 But now to thee thou wanton, will I come,  
 To taxe, not visit that polluted tombe,  
 Of all infection, which to gine it due,  
 Is now become no Temple but a stue;  
 Tell me, disdainfull faire, if I ere wrong'd,*

\* Socrates.

Or thee, or any that to thee belong'd!  
 Haue I incurr'd dishonour, or deuoted  
 My loue to many, whereby I am noted?  
 Haue I bene too profuse in my respect,  
 To othersome, and blancht thee with neglect?  
 Haue I incurr'd a merited disgrace,  
 In begging loue when thou was out of place?  
 Haue I by courting any, ere exprest,  
 My selfe ought lesse then what I still profest?  
 Didst euer see a fauour worne by me,  
 But that poore bracelet I receiu'd of thee,  
 Twisted with gold, and with thy faithlesse haire,  
 Which now I'ne throwne away with all my care?  
 Did I er<sup>e</sup> vow and breake, as thou hast done,  
 Or plight my faith (saue thee) to any one?  
 Why then shouldst thou infringe that sacred oath,  
 Which with a kisse was sealed to vs both,  
 When scarce one houre did vs occasion giue,  
 (So short was time) to take our lasting leane?  
 But I can guesse where thou wilt lay the blame;  
 Not on thy selfe, but on them whence thou came,  
 That lustfull stocke I meane, which gaue beginning  
 To thee of being first, and then of sinning.  
 It's true indeed, we know a poisoned spring,  
 Can seld or neuer wholesome water bring,  
 Nor can we looke that any barren field,  
 Should ought saue tares or fruitlesse Darnell yeeld:  
 For this from Scripture may collected be,  
 "Such as the fruite is, such is still the tree.  
 Too late I find this true, and heauens I wish,  
 My former harmes may caution me of this;  
 For what is ill descendeth in a blood,

Sooner and surer too, then what is good.

"For th'fathers vertues still attend his bere,

"And being dead, with him lie buried there;

"But th'vices which he had are not content

"To die with him, but liue in his descent.

*Sonatiue is thy ill, hauing her birth*

*From that corrupted stock which brought thee forth,*

*As sooner may the Æthiope become white,*

*Th' Cymmerian pitchie shade transparent light,*

*The Tiger leaue his nature, th' Wolfe his prey,*

*The Sunne to guide the chariot of the day,*

*The \* Pellican her desert, or the \* Craine,*

*That nat'rall loue which in her doth remaine*

*Unto her parents; then thy parents shame,*

*Got by their sinne, be wiped from thy name.*

*No wanton, no, thy darknesse is displayd,*

*Which can by no meanes re-disperse her shade,*

*But shall suruine all time; for it's the will*

*Of Powers aboue, there should be life in ill,*

*As well as good: that th'inemory of the first*

*Might make succeeding ages count her curst.*

*For I haue red (and thou was cause I red)*

*Some sickle Dames in stories mentioned,*

*Whose small respect to th'honour of their name,*

*Hath made them since the lasting heires of shame:*

*And such were Messalina, Martia,*

*Faustina, Lays, Claudia,\* Portia,*

*Two of which name there were of different kind,*

*In th'various disproportion of their mind;*

*"One good, one ill, one light, one constant prouing,*

*"One spousall-losing, one her honour louing.*

*But which of these can equall Omphale?*

\* Quæ pario  
perio; quod a-  
cerbæ prolis  
imago  
Extitit, & tene-  
ræ nota paren-  
tis erit. vid. *Al-  
cys.*

\* Quæ parenti  
confecto ætate  
consulit, eique  
prestando na-  
tale officium,  
proprijs alis ge-  
rit. vid. *Basil. in  
Homil.*

\* Portia the fa-  
mous Curtian,  
and that noble  
Ladie, an emi-  
nent patterne of  
modestie, wife to  
Pori. Cato the Se-  
nator.

Or

Or which of these line more licentiously?  
 All patternes in their time (as well they might)  
 And cautions too, to moue vs tread aright  
 That do succeed them: yet obserue this staine,  
 This wedlocks-blemish, and you will complaine,  
 Of th' present times, that they'r more ripe in sinne,  
 And breach off faith, then former times haue bin.  
 More ripe indeed, for where's that age become,  
 "Folke d'd for loue, as we haue red of some,  
 Who their affections so implanted haue,  
 As nought could bury fancie but their grave?  
 But these were childish times; indeed they were,  
 For rather then for her I'de shed one teare,  
 That disesteemes my loue, or send one grone,  
 Or sigh, or sob, or pule, or make a mone,  
 Or fold my armes, as forlorne louers vse,  
 Or grieue to lose, when she doth others chuse,  
 Or breake my sleepe, or take a solcmne fast,  
 I wish that taske might be Admetus last.  
 No Omphale, though time was when I mourn'd,  
 That time is chang'd, and now my humour's turn'd;  
 So as I scarce remember what thou art,  
 That once lay neare and deare vnto my heart.  
 Now is my Pasture greene and flourishing,  
 And poore Melampus which was wont to hing  
 His heauie head (kind curre) for's maisters sake,  
 Begins his sullen humour to forsake.  
 Now is my bottle mended, and my hooke,  
 My bag, my pipe, so as if thou should looke,  
 And see Admetus with his woollie store,  
 Thou'de say, he were not th'man he was before;  
 And indge him too, (to see him now renue,

And

Or

*And change his note) the happiest man alive.*

*And so I am, to live and leave to love.*

*( Though faithfull-mates would flinty natures  
Whose rare effects the Poet seems to show, moue)  
When wines expresse th' affections which they owe.*

\* Tu... sic  
turtur iungit a-  
manda suo.

*" \* Turtle with Turtle, husband with his mate,*

*" In distinct kinds one love participate.*

*But since affection is so rare to find,*

*Where th' face weares not the luerie of the mind,*

\* Sic in re fo-  
lent, sed non  
seruare puella.  
Luigi.

*And womans vowe ( as \* th' Satyre rightly saith)*

*Be rather made for complement then faith;*

*Be free from love Admetus: if not free,*

*At least from love of such as Omphale.*

FINIS.



A Poem describing the leuitie of a  
*woman: reseruing all generous respect*  
 to the vertuously affected of  
*that Sexe.*

**I**f I feare not to offend,  
*A very thing of nothing,*  
*Yet whom thus farre I commend,*  
*She's lighter then her clothing:*  
*Nay from the foote vnto the crowne,*  
 Her very Fan will weigh her downe:  
 And marke how all things with her Sexe agree,  
 For all her vertues are as light as she.

1.

She chats and chants but ayre,  
 A windie vertue for the eare,  
 'Tis lighter farre then care,  
 And yet her songs do burthens beare.

2.

**A** She dances, that's but mouing,  
 No heauie vertue here she changes,  
 And as her heart in louing,  
 So her feete in constant ranges.

She softly leanes on strings,  
 She strikes the trembling lute and quauers:

*These*

These are no weighty things,  
Her strokes are light, so are her fauours.  
These are her vertues fitting to her kind,  
No sooner shewne, but they turne all to wind.

Then to you, O Sexes of feathers,  
On whose browes sit all the weathers,  
I send my Passion weand in rimes,  
To weigh down these light emptie times.

Descript.

**W**Hat are you, O heires of scorning,  
But like Dew that melts each morning,  
Euening vapours, and nights prize,  
To answer our voluptuous eyes:  
And but to screene that sunnes delight,  
I thinke there neuer had bene night.

Nor had we bene from vertue so exempt,  
But that the tempter did leane you to tempt.  
You but the Apple first that makes vs die,  
Where ere we looke the apple's in our eye,  
And death must gather it, for your turn'd breath,  
And mortall teeth e'nto the core stricke death.

FINIS.

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